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MARROW of the TALE.

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BY ROGER RUBYFACE, ESQ.

Common Council-man of PORT-SOAKING WARD.

" Mirth lengthens Life (agreed by all the Sages)
" Then read these JESTS, and live a thousand Ages."

RUBYFACE.

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The Folio



TO THE
WAGS AND CHOICE SPIRITS
OF

Great Britain and Ireland,

THIS COLLECTION OF
WIT, HUMOUR, FUN,
WHIM, AND GLEE,

IS MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR DEVOTED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

Roger Rubyface.

TO THE
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THE COLLECTION OF

W. H. L. F. M.
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IN MOST HUMBLEY DEDICATED

BY THEIR DEVOTED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

Roger R. R. R.



T H E
F R I S K Y J E S T E R.

A Gentleman, being informed that Mr. Roger Rubyface had some intention of publishing a Volume of Jest, said he did not know a man better qualified for such an undertaking, for as his nose was decorated with *brilliant*s, it made every thing *shine* that came out of his mouth; which, added to the *humour* in his face, rendered him the standing jest of his associates.

Roger Rubyface being interrogated by Serjeant D—y, in a cause depending in the court of Common Pleas, did not answer to the satisfaction of the serjeant; whereupon the serjeant told him his *red face* became him, for he ought to *blush* at the evidence he had given. Being afterwards pertly asked by the serjeant how he could so particularly mention the time of an affair that happened so many years ago; he replied that he was certain as to the fact he spoke upon, for he remembered that serjeant D—y, was then a prisoner in the Fleet.

Our friend Roger once solicited a neighbour to go with him to spend a jovial evening with some choice spirits—"No, replied the other, sneeringly, "were I to go and spend my money in that manner, I am sure you would *take me for a fool.*"—"That I shall certainly do, replied Roger, "whether you go with me or not, therefore you "run no kind of risque upon that account."

Friend Rubyface having occasion to buy a *brush*, went to a brush-maker's shop for that purpose, when the mistress of the shop, who was a fine Piece, asked him rather too high a price for her commodity, Roger therefore chose to decline the purchase of it; assuring her that he would have treated her in a very different manner, for he should be happy to *give her a brush* at any time.

A witness, whose name was *Vanderbagen*, being under the examination of a brow-beating council named Bearcroft, was told by the assuming limb of the law, that his name was too long for him to repeat, and therefore he should in the course of the examination, only call him *Van*. Mr. Vanderhagen, however, before the business was over, took occasion to retort upon the cock who thought himself upon his own dunghill—"Mr. Bearcroft, says "he, your name is likewise too long, and I shall "take the liberty of abridging it agreeable to the "example you have set me, and shall for the future call you Mr. *Bear*." This threw the court into a burst of laughter; and it came with additional force, because the figure and manner of the council so exactly corresponded with that animal.

A Neapolitan young man settled at Warsaw, and set up as a merchant, but finding that his industry

dustry was not rewarded with success, he made love to a Polish young lady of fortune, and after a courtship of six months, gained the heart of this beautiful young lady, and married her: but a few months after this marriage, a Venetian young lady came there, and proved her lawful marriage with him, with a fortune of 20,000 chequins. Scarcely was he accused by this Venetian young lady, but there came a Provincial young lady, and proved her marriage with him, and that she had brought a fortune of 30,000 French livres. In the same week an Austrian young lady from Vienna came over, and proved her marriage with him, and that her marriage portion was 20,000 florins. He then was, by the laws of that country, condemned to death; but according to the custom of Poland, the night before the execution, all condemned persons are put into a fine room, and are at liberty to have a conference with all their friends. On this occasion the Polish young lady came to see him for the last time, and was struck with a strong compassion on seeing his melancholy situation, and at last found the way, by the means of a jesuit, to save him. The plan of escape having been agreed on, she resolved the same moment to fly with him; accordingly she went home immediately, and took all her substance, in ready cash and jewels, and thus they both set off together; but this inhuman wretch of Naples was not ten Polish miles from Warsaw, when finding himself quite out of danger, and in a dark forest, he took this amiable young lady, bound her hand and foot with strong ropes, threw her into the forest, and set off with all her substance. In this most unhappy miserable state the young lady lay forty-eight hours,

hours, but luckily was discovered by a peasant, who saved her life, and brought her to Warsaw. When this story was known at court, the king compassionately granted her 100 ducats per annum, and the jesuit and gaol keeper were sent to prison.

Lady M. W. Montague and Mr. Pope, from being very intimate friends, and perhaps something more, became most inveterate enemies. Pope, on being told that the Lady had spoken very sarcastically of his person and writings, desired the gentleman who had informed him to acquaint her Ladyship, that she should hear from him in black and white. "Ay?" said Lady Mary, "does the little fellow say so? Pray tell him then, that he shall hear from me in black and blue."

When Lieutenant Obrien, (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself."

Swift meeting a farmer with a black horse in a halter, said, "Honest man, how can you use your horse so ill to make him look black in the face?" When the farmer replied, "Ah, maister! had you looked as long through a halter as he has, you would be black in the face too."

The earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend the evening with Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd, to introduce him. The three wits, some time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the first
bottle,

bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the second, he broke out the man of wit and reading; but on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation—very inferior to the author of *Hudibras*. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship, how he liked his friend Butler? “I do not know any thing better to compare him to,” says his lordship, “than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.”

Quin ordered a dinner at the time of the earthquake in London, at the Magpie in Whitechapel, consisting of a shoulder of mutton and a pudding; after eating the former, he asked for the pudding, which, with a very pitiful face, the waiter told him was forgot. “Tell the hostess to come here—Madam,” says he, “we may well have earthquakes—no pudding of a Sunday! Oh! you Sabbath-breaking bitch!”

To Doctor Johnson, author of the most colossal, stupendous, technical, and unintelligible English Dictionary.

This is written by a French gentleman, who was uncommonly enraged by the pompous pedagogue, the Holofernes of Grammar, and the confounder of common sense.

S I R,

By Gar, Ser, vat be de meaning of your usage to me an etranger? I come to Londres, a la rue de Suffolk-street, Madame Courage. I ask for de explanation of the vords. De recommend your Dictionnaire. I look derein for one vord, de call net-work. I read dere, dat de net-work bee, “any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances.” I stamp, I damn, I know no meaning dereof. I look again for reticulated. I find,
par-

parblieu, reticulated be, "made of net-work, formed with interstitial vacuities." I be den more perplexed dan ever. I swear. I do den look for de vord *décussated*. I find him, "to internet at acute angles." I be after all dis research more perplexed and more puzzled den ever I was, and less informed, for I do find, if I dò bye Mr. Johnson's dictionnaire to inform me of de Englis language, by Gar, I must also have une autre Dictionnaire to explain me de vords of Doctor Johnson.

Yours, &c.

Jean Jaques Mutton.

Those in the least acquainted in the literary world, must have known that Bonnel Thornton was a man of wit and humour, and, like most men possessed of such talents, fond of sitting up late at night, and consequently lying late in the morning: on one of those days that he was recovering his last night's debauch, his aunt called to him, and finding him in bed so late, read him a long lecture on dissipation, which she concluded, by assuring him, that such a life would soon shorten his days. "Very true, Madam," says the other, who listened very patiently to her the whole time, "but what is just the same thing, it will lengthen my nights."

Dr. Johnson talking one day with W. Whitehead, the poet laureat, Whitehead begged leave to repeat his new ode, in which was this line,

"Who rules o'er freemen, should himself be free."

Some altercation arose upon the propriety of the expression, when the Doctor concluded with remarking, that Mr. Whitehead might as well say, "Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."

The

The late lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

—"Upon my word," replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, tapped him upon the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." My lord, replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

A young man was brought some time ago witness in a cause before lord Mansfield, in which Mr. Dunning was counsel. When the lad had received the oath, he ask'd him his name; "Dick Rigby, Sir," answers the boy. "And pray how do you live, Dick." "Why, I live as you do, Mr. Dunning, by my wits." "By your wits! I am surprized how you can live upon so scanty a provision." "And I am surprized, I confess," replies the boy, "to see you look so fat."

Scotchmen are very apt to forget themselves in prosperity, and to grow wanton when they become easy in their circumstances, and cruel and oppressive when invested with authority. One of these national curses walking near some of our public squares with an air of consequential indifference, was almost overturned by a bricklayer, on which he

he took occasion to observe, that this country was inhabited by nothing but savages. "You are very right," said a byestander, "for the Aborigines are expelled, and we are over-run with the Scotch."

On Shakespear's monument, in Westminster-abbey, is inscribed, *Amor publicus posuit*. Dr. Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions: but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, insisting that it should stand, Dr. Mead yielded the point, saying, *Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori*. The anecdote was communicated by Mr. Lort, Greek professor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himself.

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer, in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things for which the General was remarkable, that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "Come, Sam, let us have the General's company." A friend, at length, acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote: "Sir, says the General, "I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule." "Ohi, Lord, Sir," says Foote, with great pleasantry, "I take all my acquaintance off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off." "God so," says the other, "pray let us have a specimen." Foote, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really

really taken himself off, by leaving the house. The officer was Gen. Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

Some time ago, a gentleman, and a man of wit, having the misfortune to take up his abode at a spunging-house, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast gave, "The d—l ride rough-shod over the rascally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toast, the gentleman at the bottom of the table cried out. "Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper."—Oh, there's no occasion for that," says one of the company; "Yes, but there is, says another, "consider it's a family toast, and ought to be done justice to."

Curious Account of the first Quakers in England.

The Quakers, at their first setting forward, committed various kinds of extravagancies and disorders; which probably, if they had not been opposed, would have subsided, but the ministers, justices of the peace, constables, and others, followed these people about, disputed with them, bound them over to the peace, procured them to be indicted, and, by such opposition, rendered the sect considerable. Mr. Higgonson produces instances of these people running about the streets, foaming and bellowing out such-like expressions as these: 'Repent, repent; woe, woe! the Judge of the world is come!' Some of them stood naked on

the market-cross, on the market-days, preaching from thence to the people. Particularly, he mentions the wife of one Edmund Arlington, of Kendal, who went naked through the streets here. And two others of the society, a man and a woman, who called themselves Adam and Eve, went publicly naked; and, when examined concerning the same, at the assizes, the man affirmed that the power of God was upon him, and he was commanded so to do. Many of them in their assemblies, sometimes men, but more frequently women and children, or they who had long fasted, would fall down suddenly as if in an epileptic fit, and there lie grovelling upon the ground, struggling as it were for life, and sometimes more quietly as if they were just expiring. Whilst the agony of the fit was upon them, they would foam at the mouth, their lips would quiver, their flesh and joints would tremble, and their bellies would swell in a very extraordinary manner: in such fit they continued sometimes an hour or two, and, when it left them, they roared out with a voice loud and horrible. All which easily accounts for the name of Quakers being given them. In their preaching they called themselves 'The way, the truth, and the life.' One James Milner, declared himself to be God and Christ: for which blasphemy, being imprisoned at Appleby, and the wife of Williamson coming to see him there, she professed herself publicly to be the eternal son of God. And the men that heard her, telling her that could not be, because she was a woman, she answered, no, you are women, but I am a man. They raised at the judges sitting on the bench, calling them scarlet colour'd beasts. The justices of the peace they

filed

filed 'justices so called;' and said there would be Quakers in England, when there should be no justices of the peace. They made it a constant practice to enter into the churches with their hats on during divine service, and to rail openly, and exclaim aloud against the ministers with reproachful words, calling them liars, deluders of the people, Baal's priests, Babylon's merchants, selling beastly ware, and bidding them come down from the high places. One instance of this kind (ludicrous enough) happened at Orton. Mr. Fothergill, vicar there, one Sunday exchanged pulpits with Mr. Dalton of Shap, who had but one eye. A quaker, stalking as usual into the church at Orton, whilst Mr. Dalton was preaching, says, 'Come down, thou false Fothergill.' 'Who told thee,' says Mr. Dalton, 'that my name was Fothergill?' 'The spirit,' quoth the quaker. 'That spirit of thine is a lying spirit,' says the other; 'for it is well known that I am not Fothergill, but Peed (one-eyed) Dalton of Shap.'

Sir Walter Strickland was much afflicted with an asthma, which gave occasion to the following indenture:—"this indenture made 26th April, 18th Henry VIII. between Sir Walter Strickland, knight, on one part; and Alexander Kennet, doctor of physick, on the other part; witnesseth, that the said Alexander permitteth, granteth, and by these presents bindeth him, that he will, with the grace and help of God, render and bring the said Sir Walter Strickland, to perfect health of all his infirmities and diseases contained in his person, and especially stomach, and lungs, and breast, wherein he has most disease and grief; and to minister such medicines truly to the said Sir Walter Strickland, in such manner and ways as the said Mr. Alexan-

der may make the said Sir Walter healed of all infirmities and diseases, in as short a time as possible may be, with the grace and help of God. And also the said Mr. Alexander granteth that he shall not depart at no time from the said Sir Walter, without his licence, until the time Sir Walter be perfectly healed, with the grace and help of God. For the which care, the said Sir Walter granteth by these presents, binding himself to pay, or cause to be paid, to the said Mr. Alexander, or his assigns, 20l. sterling monies, of good and lawful money of England, in manner and form following; that is, five marks to be paid upon the first day of May next ensuing, and all the residue of the said sum of 20l. to be paid parcel by parcel, as shall please the said Sir Walter, as he thinks necessary, to be delivered, and paid in the time of his disease, for sustaining such charges as the said Mr. Alexander must use in medicine, for reducing the said Sir Walter to health; and so the said payment continued, and made to the time, the whole sum of 20l. aforesaid be fully contented and paid, in witness whereof, either to these present indentures have interchangeably set their seal the day and year abovementioned. Sir Walter, nevertheless, died on the 9th of January following, as appears by inquisition.

Mr. Buller the newly made judge of the court of king's bench, having ordered a full trimmed suit of black, four or five days before his promotion, the taylor waited on him the very morning after with the same, and not having heard a single syllable of the young counsellor's rapid exaltation, sent up word that he had "waited on him with the suit." The man who had but that day entered on duty, losing part of his message in going up stairs,

stairs, tells his master "a gentleman below waited on him about a suit." "Oh I tell him, (cries my lord, imagining him ignorant of his advancement) "that I can't possibly take the suit, but that he may carry it to Mr. Postlewaithe of serjeant's inn, with my compliments." The taylor accordingly made the best of his way to Mr. Postlewaithe, who supposing Mr. justice Buller might have sent the same to him as a compliment for not accepting him as his clerk, actually took the cloaths, and immediately writ a card of thanks, which cleared up the mistake to my lord. Mr. Postlewaithe, however, still ambles with them to Joe's, and does not scruple to tell his friends, "what a special good suit the new judge has given him."

A day or two after general Burgoyne arrived, a large party being at dinner, the conversation turned upon the propriety, or impropriety, of his taking his seat in parliament, previous to the court of enquiry; "Poh, poh, says a little gentleman of the party, (remarkable for the occasional dryness of his observations) independant of this borough here, he has a right to take his seat in the house." "How will you make that out?" said the company. "Because (said the other) he's returned by America."

Mr. Foote standing one day, in a very pensive attitude, in the kitchen garden of Carlton-house, and being observed by a gentleman from a window, the latter said to parson Foote, "What the d—l is Sam doing yonder among the cabbages?"—"Let's go and see," replies the parson. Accordingly these two gentlemen, with some ladies, repaired to the spot where the Wit stood. "What are you doing there, Mr. Foote?" said one of the ladies. "Why, madam, replied he, I'm in raptures!"

tures!"—"In raptures!" said the lady, "with what?"—"With a *cabbage stalk*," added the Wit; and instantly began the following dissertation on it, which he afterwards reduced to writing, nearly verbatim as spoken, and of which many copies were taken:

"A *cabbage stalk*, ladies and gentlemen; what shall I say of a *cabbage stalk*? The first part of it to be considered is the *root*; for without the *root*, nothing can be said on the matter. Well, then, the *root*! observe the *root*, ladies: See the numerous filaments by which it receives its nurture. Were ye, ladies, but as deeply *rooted* in love, your fruits might be as answerable. But, to speak in general terms; were we but as deeply *rooted* in mutual friendship, *our* fruits would be as estimable. But, on the contrary, we had rather vegetate in a vicious soil, and on avarice which is the *root* of all evil, and graft the whole fraternity of vices.

"There is another reason, ladies and gentlemen, why I begin with the *root* of this cabbage; because it represents the exordium of a discourse; the stalk is the ratiocination, or argumentative part, and the *head* is the conclusion.

"The *root* of this cabbage I shall compare to the king,—because, you see, as all power and honour are derived ultimately from his majesty, so the *stalk* and the *head* of this same cabbage derive as ultimately their existence from the *root*. And d'ye see, as this *stalk* and this *head* are reciprocally an honour to the *root*,—so his majesty is indebted to his subjects for his wealth, his power, and his magnificence.

"The *root*, I say is the *king*;—and the *stalk*, then, shall be the nobility and gentry;—and let me see, what shall be the *head* of the cabbage?—
why

why, the common people;—aye, the common people are the head of the nation.

“He?—What?—Aye!—I’m right in my logic, surely.—This cabbage stalk is hollow; and how many human cabbage stalks are there in this vast garden, the world! He?—how many hypocrites?—This stalk was once of a lovely green, and full of sap, but now dried and withered;—And what is the fate of man but that of a cabbage stalk?—Nay, my little preaching puppy of a brother, here, who stands by me, must, if he wishes to display his oratorical powers, actually imagine that his hearers are all cabbage stalks. It will be then that soft persuasion, like Hyblean honey, will flow from his lips; then, that the blaze of eloquence will warm his audience;—then—but by Jupiter ’tis dinner time—my reflections are over—so there is an end of my dissertation on a cabbage stalk.”

The Story of a superannuated Husband.

S I R,

I am one of those unhappy old blockheads, whose passions outlive the power of indulgence, and are perpetually dreaming of a marriage bed, instead of thinking seriously about the purchase of a winding sheet.—I am turned of sixty-five, worn away to a skeleton by a variety of diseases, the consequence of my youthful indiscretion, and almost six months married to an amiable unhappy woman just bordering on twenty-two.

Being last Easter, Sir, at my son’s in the country, I accidentally saw a young lady who was intimately acquainted with my grand-daughter Sally, and whom, on enquiry, I found to be the daughter of a curate lately settled in those parts, who had
nothing

nothing to maintain a wife and four children but a slender forty pounds a year.—Maria, the young lady's name in question, was the eldest, and had no other fortune than a most engaging person, an irresistible face, a good heart, and a fine understanding.—These however had procured her the addresses of one Mr. Markham, a very worthy young fellow in the neighbourhood, who had newly set up in the grocery trade, with a capital of 3000*l.* and who by her father's permission and the consent of his own friends, was to be married to her on the Sunday fortnight following.

There was something so engaging about Maria, Sir, as strangely affected me, and made me at once both very uneasy and very much ashamed. All thoughts of an intercourse with the sex at my time of life, I was sensible should have totally subsided ; yet notwithstanding a conviction of that nature, I was determined, if there was a possibility of my succeeding, to have her.—In vain my son pointed out the ridicule I should incur by so disproportioned a match ; in vain did my daughter, nay my granddaughter too, endeavour to laugh me out of so preposterous a design ; and in vain did my own reflection dwell upon the striking disparity of my years, and the greatness of my infirmities.—My authority silenced the remonstrances of my children, and my vanity turned a deaf ear to the self-convicted poignancy of my own.—The circumstance of years I thought my generosity would sufficiently counterbalance, and as for my disorders, I fancied my cough was considerably abated, and that under a proper regimen, my gout might be rendered less troublesome, and the rheum of my eyes totally removed.—I sent for an empyric to make me a handsome set of teeth ; exchanged my
venerable

venerable tye, for a smart fashionable bob, affected to read without spectacles, and threw by my crutch headed stick.

Not to trouble you, Sir, Mr. Grasply, Maria's father, the moment I proposed a jointure, was in a transport; a promise of providing for his other children threw him into an extasy, and the reversion of a good living on my own estate rendered him incapable of speaking a single word.—Maria, after a thousand intreaties and as many floods of tears, not to be sacrificed, as she called it; and a vain attempt of escaping to her dear Mr. Markham, was dragged to church in three days after, and came home Mrs. Totterly.

Having thus fortunately secured her for my wife, I thought my felicity almost compleated, and that the moment her tears were a little dried up, I should be the happiest of men.—But alas, Sir, I found a great difference betwixt the possession of an unwilling hand, and the enjoyment of a warm reciprocally beating heart: it required but small penetration to discover that I was the object of her unalterable aversion, and that the violence I had done to her real inclinations would plant perpetual thorns on her pillow, and fix everlasting anxiety on mine.

I will not trouble you, Sir, with a repetition of particular circumstances: suffice it, that notwithstanding every method I could possibly devise to excite her gratitude or engage her esteem, in the calmest of her moments, she looks upon me with a rooted hatred, or a contemptuous disgust.——I in vain tempt her with equipage and dress; if the carriage is order'd to the door she has the head ach; and if I order home a fresh piece of silk, it is thrown neglected on the floor.—In-
stead

stead of mixing with society, she shuts herself up the principal part of the day in her closet, and if I chance by accident to break in, I surprise her in tears.—If my infirmities oblige me to the use of a separate bed, I am uneasy at being from her, and yet I am miserable by the horror she expresses in her looks, if they do not ; if she chances to doze, the heaviness of her sighs distract me to the last degree, and if she mentions the word Markham in her dreams, as she frequently does, it is a scorpion of the most deadly nature, and stings me to the heart.

Upon the whole, Sir, asleep or awake, at bed, or abroad, I am the most miserable of men ; and what, like a ridiculous dotard, I fancied would prove the greatest blessing of my life, by a just dispensation of providence, turns out my unalterable curse.—O Sir, to a man not altogether destitute of sensibility, what situation can be so truly wretched as mine ! without a friend to whom I can vent my griefs, without a bosom which I dare beg to pity my distress, to be despised by the woman I doat upon to madness, and to be a real object of contempt to myself, is too much !—to be loaded with years, and so borne down with infirmities, as to stand one continued mummy of emaciation, one complicated hoard of disease, is a dreadful reflection for a new married man.—A man totally incapable of inspiring a passion of the least tender nature, and as totally incapable of gratifying it if he could.

From my story let other dotards beware of following my example ; for be assured, Sir, wherever there is a striking disparity of years, and the odds against the man, a very little time will convince him of his error, and make him wish, with me,

me, that he had sent for an undertaker and been buried fifty fathom quick before he made so preposterous a choice of a wife.

I am, Sir, &c.
Charles Totterly.

A remarkable Instance of paternal Folly—filial Ingratitude,—accidental Reformation, and general Felicity.

I supped last night at my sister Rattle's, where the discourse turning upon the education of children, my favourite Harry related a little story with which I was prodigiously affected; and as it conveys a very pretty moral, I shall make no apology for presenting it to my readers.

A worthy old gentleman, who had by an inflexible industry acquired a large fortune with great reputation, at length declining business, devoted his sole attention to the settlement of an only son, of whom he was uncommonly fond. In a little time he married him to a woman of family, and judging of his son's affection by his own, made over every shilling he was worth to the young gentleman, desiring nothing more than to be a witness of his happiness, in the same house, and depending upon his gratitude for any cursory trifle he might want, for the private use of his purse.—The son had not been married however above six weeks, before he was under the sole dominion of his wife, and prevailed upon to treat the old gentleman with the most mortifying neglect.—If he wanted the carriage for an airing, why truly, “My lady has engaged it:” If he desired to mix in any little party of pleasure, “They were quite full:” He was suffered to sit whole evenings without being once spoken to; at table he was

was obliged to call three or four times for a glass of wine, or a bit of bread, and if he ever entered into a narrative of any transaction which occurred in his youth, his obliging daughter in law immediately broke in upon him, and politely introduced a conversation upon something else.——

This unpardonable contempt was at last carried to such a degree, that his cough was complained of as troublesome, and under a pretence that his tobacco box was insupportable, he was requested to eat in his own room.

Four or five years passed on in this manner, which was rendered a little tolerable by the birth of a grandson, a most engaging boy, who, from the moment he was capable of distinguishing, seemed to be very fond of the old gentleman, and by an almost instinctive attachment, appeared as if providentially designed to atone for the unnatural ingratitude of its father.——He was now turned of four, when one day some persons of fashion dining at the house, the old gentleman, who knew nothing of the company, came down into the back parlour to enquire for his little favourite, who had been two whole hours out of his apartment: he had no sooner opened the door, than his dutiful son, before a room full of people, asked him how he dare break in upon him without leave, and desired him to get instantly up about his business.——The old gentleman withdrew according to order, returned to his own room, and gave a very hearty freedom to his tears.

Little Tommy, who could not bear to hear his grand-papa chided at such a rate, followed him instantly, and observing how heartily he sobbed, came roaring down to the parlour, and before the whole company bawled out, “papa has made poor grand-

grand-papa break his heart; he will cry his eyes out above stairs." The son, who was really ashamed of his conduct, especially as he saw no sign of approbation in the faces of his friends, endeavoured to put an easy appearance on the affair, and brazen it out: turning round therefore to the child, he desired him to carry a blanket to grand-papa, and bid him go beg.—*Ay, but I will not give him all the blanket,* returned the child;—*why so my dear?* says the father; *Because* (answered he) *I shall want half for you, when I grow up to be a man, and turn you out of doors.*—The child's reproof stung the father to the soul, and held up at once both the cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct in their proper dye: nay the wife seemed affected, and wanted words: a good natured tear dropped from more than one of the company, who seized this opportunity of condemning, in a very candid manner, their bad behaviour to so affectionate a father, and so bountiful a friend; and in short, made them so heartily ashamed of themselves, that the old gentleman was immediately sent for by both, who, in the presence of all, most humbly intreated his forgiveness for every thing past, and promised the business of their lives would be to oblige him for the future.——The poor old gentleman's joy threatened now to be much more fatal than his affliction before: he looked upon his son and daughter for some time with a mute astonishment, mixed with a tenderness impossible to be described; and then fixing his eyes upon the company with a wildness of inconceivable rapture, snatched up his little Tommy to his bosom, who joined him in a hearty flood of tears.

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There is nothing, in reality, where people are so very wrong in, as the education of children, though there is nothing in which they ought to be more absolutely certain of being right; if we seriously reflect upon the customary method in which children are brought up, we must almost imagine, that the generality of parents inculcate principles of religion and virtue into their offspring, for the mere satisfaction of bringing both religion and virtue into contempt; and paint the precepts of morality in the most engaging colours, to shew, by their practice, how much these precepts are to be despised.

My friend Ned Headstrong is a parent of this cast; he is continually preaching up a rectitude of conduct to a very sensible young fellow his son, and yet as continually destroying by his example what he labours to effect by his advice. Ned expatiates largely about patience and the dispensations of providence, and yet will fly into a passion of the most ungovernable nature, if a leg of mutton is boiled a minute too much.—I have heard him launch forth in the praise of fortitude, while he has not been able to overcome the chagrin occasioned by spilling a drop of port upon the table cloth; and very frequently listened to a lecture against a profligate mention of the divine name, interspersed with a variety of horrid execrations.

The same preposterous inconsistency in the education of an only daughter is a distinguishing peculiar of lady Dye-Dawdle.—Her ladyship is no great gadabout, for she lies in bed all the day, and plays at cards all night; she cannot be accused of misbehaviour in church, for I do not suppose she has been once at a place of public worship these twenty years.—A tradesman can never call twice
at

at her house for a bill, for there is not one who has the least acquaintance with her character, that would trust her with a yard of ribbond or a row of pins.—Her reputation has never been suspected, for there is not a man in England who would think it worth his while to accept of the highest favour she should possibly grant; and as for her veracity, that can by no means admit of a debate, for it is a question with me if she spoke a syllable of truth since her arrival at maturity.—Yet notwithstanding all these negative perfections, she is continually prescribing a contrary practice to her daughter, and perpetually condemning the young lady for the least imitation of what she is unceasingly practising herself.

I shall conclude this with a bit of advice addressed to every order of readers;—if a parent in reality would have his son a good man, let him teach by his practice as much as by his precept, and never through a doating partiality, overlook those actions in a child which he would inevitably condemn in any body else. Finally let all parents from the introductory part of this consider it is no disgrace for a son to be dependant on a father's bounty, but that nothing can be more dangerous than for a father to be dependant on a son's.

The History of Sally Edwards.

I was chatting yesterday evening over a dish of tea at my sister Rattle's, when the amiable Kitty Harold, a distant relation of ours, happened to come in with her usual freedom, but with an appearance of mingled concern and resentment; you must know, continued she, that in my way here, I accidentally called at your old acquaintance Mrs. Acid's in Pall Mall, and found her engaged with

an extensive circle of company. While I staid there, one of the footmen came up and informed his lady, that there was a well-dressed gentlewoman below enquiring after her health, but that hearing she was so much engaged, she was preparing to go away, and would take some other opportunity of paying her respects. Mrs. Acid you know is one of those prodigiously important people who pique themselves upon their superior understandings, and are continually giving an air of consequence to the minutest actions; in hopes therefore of displaying her sagacity before her company, she sent to desire the lady would be so kind as to walk up; in consequence of which a mighty genteel woman indeed, was introduced, who came in with a visible diffidence, and was with much pressing prevailed on to sit down. Madam, says Mrs. Acid, with her customary dignity of tone and solemnity of feature, pray what has procured me the honour of this visit? the lady with a respectful hesitation, replied, I thought, madam, I should have found you alone, or I would not have presumed—but I suppose you have quite forgot a Sally Edwards, who lived with you about seven years ago; “what, exclaimed Mrs. Acid, in an air of the greatest surprise, are you Sally Edwards who lived with me at Richmond, and had a bastard by young Mr. Barrington of Twickenham—O I remember you very well—why I hear he has since married you—well, come tell me,” Mrs. Acid would probably have continued this good-natured strain considerably longer, had not the poor woman’s confusion got the better of her spirits, and thrown her into a fit from which she was not recovered without much difficulty; as soon however, as she came to herself, she burst into tears, and making

making as decent a courtesy as her situation could possibly admit, I went out of the room. Unmoved with her distress, the obliging Mrs. Acid called after her down stairs; "don't be uneasy Sally, when you come this way again pray bring the little boy with you." I really could have slap'd the unmerciful woman for her barbarity; but she, as if she had performed the most meritorious action in the world, turned round to the company, and gave us the following history of poor Sally Edwards.

Her father was a Shropshire clergyman of very little preferment in the church, but if a large family might be looked upon as a foundation for felicity, there was not a happier man in the county, for he had fourteen children. The excellence of his character, however, made some provision for most of them, and one friend on another gradually took the greatest number off his hands. This Sally, of all his children, was the greatest favourite; he would never part with her, but brought her up with a remarkable degree of tenderness, and even pinched himself very frequently to give her an education rather superior to her fortune. His solicitude for her improvement, Mrs. Acid declares was not thrown away; on the contrary, she assured us that Sally was very prettily accomplished; and added in her way, that she was also not intolerably temper'd, nor much unacquainted with the management of a family.

When Sally had reach'd her twentieth year, a fever, which her father had caught in attending a poor parishioner, carried him off, and the amiable orphan was oblig'd to look out for some tolerable family, where her servitude might furnish her with bread.

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pened to be shown at her sister's in Shropshire, near whose house Mrs. Edwards had lived. At her sister's request she took Sally, being then without a maid, and in a few weeks after departed for London. From thence she removed to Richmond, where Sally became by some means acquainted with a very genteel young fellow, one Mr. Barrington, the son of a gentleman who possessed two thousand pounds a year. Mr. Barrington made use of numberless arts to steal her from the paths of virtue, and even offered half the reversion of his father's estate to purchase her disgraces. These overtures Sally treated with a becoming scorn; yet she had a latent prepossession in his favour, which would not suffer her to resign the dangerous pleasure of his acquaintance. Every hour she could spare was passed with him, and he kept himself so secretly concealed, that his rank was never once suspected in the neighbourhood. Young Barrington did not want honour; he saw the goodness of his mistress's heart, notwithstanding the humility of her station, and therefore disregarding what the world might say on the occasion, very frankly proposed to marry her. This proposal immediately ruined the unfortunate Sally Edwards; what formerly he could not obtain for worlds, now fell an easy sacrifice to his generosity. She confessed, she loved him; but absolutely refused the honour of his hand till after the death of his father, declaring she could not support the shock of creating bad disturbance in his family. When a woman loves even her love for a man, there is scarce a misapprehension between her and destruction. Every hour she is alone with him after such a confession, she totters on the verge of her fate; and even let the man have never so much honour,

now; there are times in the whirlwind of his
 passions which will tear up every trace of recollec-
 tion, and occasions more guilt in a second, than can
 possibly be atoned for in the course of a whole
 life. In one of these times Mr. Barrington met
 Sally Edwards; and in about six months after
 the consequences of this criminal intercourse
 obliged the unhappy girl to take an abrupt leave
 of her place. The sequel however is more fortu-
 nate than could be expected. Old Mrs. Barring-
 ton died near a twelvemonth since, and his son
 has been married to Sally about half a year.
 This it seems was her first coming to town since
 that joyful event, and in hopes to recover the good
 opinion of her former mistress, she had taken the
 liberty of calling at Pall-mall. Mrs. Adid never-
 theless embraced the opportunity to insult her in
 the manner I have mentioned; and so far from
 feeling any compunction, she told us at the end
 of the story, that she was always known to speak
 her mind, and satisfied upon this occasion that
 she had given a tolerable hint, as she called it, to
 Sally Edwards.

Here Miss Harold finished her little narrative,
 but the subject being dwelt upon while she staid,
 I shall conclude with one or two of her remarks.
 "I always observe," (says she) "that those people who
 prize themselves particularly on the virtue of a rude
 sincerity, have seldom any other virtue in the com-
 position of their characters. A complacency of
 manners, though it does not always constitute hu-
 manity, nevertheless gives an embellishment to hu-
 man nature, and often, from the very appearance of
 goodness, we are apt to fall in love with the re-
 ality. It would therefore be well, that people
 who

who are fond of speaking indelicate truths to others, would reverse situations a little, and only imagine what effect it would have upon their own feelings, was an indelicate truth to be mentioned to themselves. Whenever we change situations with mankind, we are most likely to judge with propriety; and we may be certain of never censuring the errors of our neighbours with too great a degree of severity, if we make but a candid examination into our own."

A Methodist Sermon, by George Alexander Stevens.

Brethren! brethren! brethren! (the word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all breathe there in). If you are drowzy, I'll rouse you: I'll beat a tattoo upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the devil about like a whirl-a-wig among you. Even as the beat upon the top of the house doth squall, even from the top of my voice will I bawl; and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the sweet words that I shall utter—and the sweet words that I shall utter, shall sugarcandy over your souls and make carryaway comfits of your consciences. Do you know how many taylor's make a man? why nine—nine taylor's make a man. And how many make half a man?—why four journeymen and an apprentice. Even so have you all been bound apprentices to misfortune, the fashion maker; and now you are out of your times, you have set up for yourselves. My great bowels, and my sm—all guts groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity. Give me a dram;—give me a dram—a dram of patience, I mean, while I explain unto you what reformation,

reformation, and what abomination mean :—which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and butter-milk, and therewith make a sinful stir-about. Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter ;—and abomination—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.—Have you carried your consciences to the scourers ? have you bought any fullers earth to take the stains out ?—you say, yes, you have, you have, you have :—but I say, no ; you lie ! you lie ! you lie !—I am no velvet-mouth preacher ; I scorn your lawn sleeves—you are full of filth ; ye must be parboiled ; yea, ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup for the saints to sup a ladleful of ; and the scum and the scaldings of your iniquities will boil over ; and that is called the kitchen-stuff of your consciences, that serves to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the devil's ditch, and the devil's gap.—The devil's ditch ; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket ; and the devil's gap ; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's Inn-fields—and then there is the devil among the taylors, and the devil among the players : the players, that play the devil to pay. The playhouse is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon tenter-hooks of temptation.—Tragedy is the blank verse of Beelzebub ;—comedy is his hasty pudding : and pantomime is the devil's country dance.—And yet, you'll pay the players for seeing plays ; yes, yes : but you won't pay me : no, no : 'till Beelzebub's hump-bailiffs lay hold of you ; and then you think I'll pay your garnish ; but I won't. No ; you shall lay on the common side of the world ; like a toad-in-a-hole that is baked for the devil's dinner

dinner.—Do you put some money in the plate.—Put some money in the plate; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back: and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat;
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
How much this preaching scours the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is pity's belly-ach and gripe:
For that religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

Footo meeting his old acquaintance major B—, at Bath, this last season (a character well known in the annals of gaming,) came up to him, and asked him with great cordiality, how he was? “Ah! Footo,” says the other, “I have had a terrible accident since I saw you last; no less than the loss of an eye.” “My dear fellow,” says the wit, “I am heartily sorry for it; pray, at what game?”

The History of Miss Hortensia Medicoat.

Walking in the park a few mornings ago, with my nephew Harry, a gentleman of a very prepossessing appearance came up, and shaking Harry with the utmost cordiality by the hand, insisted upon his going to dine with him, with a friendly sort of peremptoriness; and in a manner extremely polite, begged the favour of my company. As I found Harry accepted the invitation readily, I bowed my assent to it likewise, and after taking a turn or two more, we set out for the gentleman's house,

house, in the neighbourhood of Great George-street, and amused ourselves in his library, which was judiciously furnished, till the summons arrived for dinner, about four o'clock. We were then conducted to an elegant dining room, where we found an excellent family dinner, and where I had the honour of being introduced to a most amiable young lady whom I took to be the sister of our host, but who, upon an enquiry, I found to be unhappily no less than his daughter. — I say unhappily no less than his daughter, because I am perfectly of opinion with the late excellent Mr. Richardson, that a gay young fellow of eight or nine and thirty, is a very improper person to be the father of a young woman of eighteen or nineteen. Full of life and levity himself, he is unable to pay a proper attention to the felicity of his child; and if he chanceth to be a man of the town, like my nephew's friend, he treats her in a manner that must either excite her continual detestation, or destroy that purity of principle, which only can lay a solid foundation for the establishment of her future happiness and reputation. Mr. Medicoat, the gentleman with whom we dined, piques himself, as he is so juvenile a father to so grown a young lady, upon behaving to her as if she was no relation whatsoever, and is never so happy as when a stranger at any public place, seems to take him for one of her admirers: during the time of dinner, he enjoyed my misconception excessively, and heard me once or twice say his sister, without offering to rectify my mistake. This however I could have cheerfully overlooked, had not his conversation, even before the servants, been of a nature so extremely inde-

licate,

licate, that there was scarce a possibility of sitting at table. An odious round of the most palpable double entendres was frequently offered to our attention; the nocturnal excesses of which he had been guilty the last week, were related with an air of triumph; and he even went so far as to mention the name of some celebrated courtezans, with whom he had the honour of an acquaintance.

All this time the poor young lady sat in the most mortifying state of distress; cut to the very soul of her sensibility, yet unable either to retire, or to mention how greatly she was affected with this intolerable behaviour of her father. My Harry, however, took the very first opportunity of relieving her; for, the moment the cloth was removed, he begged Mr. Medlicot would shew us the fine hunter which he had purchased a few days before, from a noted dealer in Yorkshire. Mr. Medlicot, as proud of shewing his horse, as desirous of parading his daughter, immediately complied with the request; and the young lady retired with a look of complacency at Harry, which sufficiently testified how much he had obliged her, by procuring her so fortunate and happy a release from her father's company. —

Harry supping with me in the evening, I could not help expressing my wonder, that a young fellow of his good sense and delicacy, should continue the least correspondence with so shameless a profligate as this Mr. Medlicot. "An indecency of conversation in any man, says I, is always as sure a sign of a little understanding, as of a vulgar education: and nothing ought to give a generous mind more offence, than where we see the modesty of a virtuous woman insulted, by any of those infamous obscenities, which your
bucks,

bucks, and such like despicable fellows, imagine to be the criterion of spirit and vivacity; but when a libertine is so dead to all sensibility as to wound the ear of his own daughter with a grossness of this nature, we are filled with horror as well as with indignation, and cannot help considering him as a monster, who would even violate her honour himself, did not a latent fear of the world restrain the licentiousness of his shocking imagination, and happily confine him to mere innuendoes, and simple gesticulations."

"Your observation, my dear Sir, (returned Harry) is perfectly just, and I ought to blush at ever visiting such a man as Mr. Medlicot, unless I had some other design than merely to possess his company. But you must know, that this fellow, unless he is particularly engaged abroad, always makes it a rule to engage a friend or two to dine with him every day; and if by accident he should happen to be disappointed, he traverses the park, as he did this morning, to pick up an acquaintance for the credit of his table. By this means it often happens that poor Hortena, his daughter, is exposed to the heaviest torrent of licentious ribaldry; and obliged to sit out many a conversation, which would appear scandalous in a Covent Garden tavern. Medlicot piques himself upon a knowledge of the world, and treats every appearance of female delicacy, as a monstrous affectation. He has found many fools among the sex, and this has given him a preposterous opinion of the whole; therefore, to maintain his character as a knowing one, he uses his own daughter with the same disrespect that he uses every other woman, and thinks it adds to the reputation of his understanding, to put off all appearance

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pearance of necessary decorum and parental partiality. It is for common fathers he thinks to behave with common discretion; but young fellows like him, who are acquainted with life, should be above such a weakness; as the only way he thinks to preserve the obedience of a daughter, is to shew your sensibility of her sex's imperfections. Hortensia, who has an amiable mind, and a fine understanding, is unspeakably afflicted at this behaviour; and always rejoices when I take a dinner with them, as I constantly invent some excuse or other to set her at liberty. This was the only reason of my acting with common civility to Medlicoat, as he is a man for whom I entertain the most sovereign contempt. Would you believe it, he keeps two women in the very same house with his daughter; and these worthy ladies often take it in their heads to find fault with Hortensia, and even complain to him that she will not treat them with a sufficient share of respect. Matters, however, if I have any penetration, cannot long go on in this manner, for Hortensia has been some time courted by a very worthy baronet of fortune, but Medlicoat having an aversion to become a grandfather yet a-while, has absolutely refused his consent; and in the most illiberal terms, accused the young lady of amorous inclinations. Notwithstanding this, they carry on a private correspondence, as I have good grounds to believe, and perhaps the next moon-light night may see the young couple on their journey to Edinburgh. May this, I say, be the case; and may every father who follows the steps of Medlicoat, be rendered equally contemptible, and become equally disappointed in his expectations.

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During a very high wind, part of a church in Surry was blown down; and in particular a stone on which the ten commandments were engraved, was entirely broken to pieces; upon which a gentleman observed, that Boreas must be a wicked fellow indeed, that *'could break all the commandments;*' and that the parson of the parish was a virtuous man compared to him, for he had never broken above *five of them.*

An Irish gentleman came to England with an intent to stay a considerable time, and therefore thought it necessary to take a lodging: for which purpose he requested the master of the Blossom's inn, in Lawrence-lane, to look out for a lodging for him. After some little enquiry, he found an apartment in St. Paul's Church-yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him. He returned to his Hibernian acquaintance, informed him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and had seen a lodging that would certainly please him. The honest paddy desired to know where it was.—In *St. Paul's Church yard,* replied the other. Pshaw! (resumed Mr. Teague) what a pretty messenger you are to send of an errand! Did you ever hear of *a man's going to live in a Church-yard till after he was dead!*

A young fellow, making an attempt upon the chastity of a young girl, among other protestations declared he would marry her the next day, if she complied with his request. The young woman strenuously refused to gratify his wishes. *Your scruples,* said he, *to a man that loves you as I do, are weak and frivolous, and have no weight.* *They are such scruples,* replied she, *as shall out-weigh many drams of your impudence and impertinence.*

Mr. Daniel G—n, a man celebrated for his humour, being once at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers (all of whom he had dealings with) to sup with him at his inn. Presently after supper, some of the friends who had heard of the fame of Mr. G—, were anxious to have a song from him; but it being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went an indirect way to work, Friend Daniel, said one, dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song? I do, says Daniel. Then if thou art inclined, resumed old Broad-Brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee. After repeated hints of this kind, which in fact amounted to a direct invitation, Daniel began to amuse himself with singing, agreeable to their request, at which the friends appeared to be as agreeably amused as he was. It is necessary to observe that this happened on a Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as Dan had sung about three verses of that very modest song called, 'Hast thou not seen a book called Tristram Shandy, ma'am?' Daniel paused, and being a very righteous man, expressed some scruples of conscience, saying he did not choose to proceed as it was then Sunday Morning. Thou may'st finish thy song, friend Daniel, replied one of the broad-brims, for *I can assure thee the clock goes five minutes too fast?*

A quaker, driving in a single horse chaise, up a green-lane that leads from Newington-Green to Hornsey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. 'I'll not make way for you,' says

says the blood, d—n my eyes if I will. I think I am older than thou art, said the quaker, and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me.—I won't, damn me, resumed the first. He then pulled out a news-paper, and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise; the quaker observing him, pulled out a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and smoked away very comfortably.—' Friend, said he, to the young blood, when thou hast read that paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me.' My young gentleman, seeing the obstinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favoured him with a few oaths, curses, and imprecations.

A matrimonial Anecdote; from the French.

A married man, whose wife (in other respects a good sort of a woman) had made him suffer his purgatory in this world; on his decease, went directly to Paradise, which he had richly deserved by his patience. When he came to the gate, he knocked; St. Peter very kindly opened the gate, and invited him to take the place which was assigned him in heaven. The husband stood still to consider; after which he thought it prudent to ask the saint, whether his wife had not strayed thither? the porter answering him in the affirmative, the good man was satisfied. He immediately took to his heels, and ran directly to h—, chusing rather to leave paradise, where his wife was, who would not have failed to have rendered it a place of misery. Now, if good women, especially those who are reported such, are enough to make

a man run away from heaven, what must the bad ones be in the lower regions?

An gentleman in a certain coffee-house, expressed his astonishment that the m——y should obtain a pardon for M'Quirk, when it is universally known and acknowledged that the said M'Quirk *had a design upon the Crown.*

N. B. M'Quirk killed Mr. Clarke by a violent blow on the head with a bludgeon.

An Irishman, speaking of the persons who attended Mr. Lutterell to Brentford at the election, said, That he himself counted at least two hundred *freeholders* who had no right to vote.

A fire lately happened at a pawnbroker's shop, and, as usual, a number of pilferers were busy at their harvest; one of them was stop't with a suit of clothes under his arm, which he was running away with, and ask'd what business he had with them? *I am,* says he, *only redeeming some clothes that I pawned here yesterday.* A person present replied, If this is your method of *redemption*, you merit a halter instead of salvation.

Another person at the same fire, was stop't with a bible under his arm: his excuse was, that he was a methodist, and could not bear the thoughts of having *the words of God burnt.*

A taylor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended in the procession by an apothecary whom he knew.—So, master, says he to the apothecary, *I see you are going to carry your work home too, as well as I.*

Mr. Moody, in the character of the Irish gentleman at the Jubilee, said, he had been travelling up and down, all round the town at
Stratford

Stratford upon Avon, to endeavour to find a bit of supper and a bed, but the devil a toothful could he get of either.

One evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning against a post in Cheapside; a fellow coming by at the same time, seeing he was in such a situation that he could not pursue him, snatched his hat off his head, and ran away with it: another of the same fraternity, at a little distance, saw what had happened, and told the gentleman that a man had stole his hat and run away with it, and asked him why he did not run after him? I am so damn'd drunk, says he, that I can hardly stand, and therefore I cannot run after him. If that's the case, said the other, I may safely venture to steal your wig; which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the post, and lamenting the loss of his hat and wig.

A gentleman, who was upwards of six feet high, thought he should make a very respectful figure in the army, and therefore purchased a cornet's commission: as he had occasion to be frequently absent upon duty, his wife was not willing to have her duty neglected at home: she therefore took the advantage of his absence to indulge a criminal passion with a young gentleman, who was a neighbour, and who was also intimately acquainted with the husband. One evening, when the cornet was at home, this young gentleman supped and spent the evening with him and his wife. The military hero, after drinking pretty briskly, began to be full of spirits; in short, he was three-fourths drunk, and boasting much of his prowess, among other things, he said

said to his companion, that he was a much better man than him in every respect; and with regard to performing the ladies business, he would lay five hundred pounds that he could please a woman better than him. The wife immediately interrupted him, by begging he would keep his money in his pocket, and added, that *if he laid five millions, she was sure he would lose.*

A quaker, who had been sued at law by a neighbour, and who came off second best at the trial, was determined to be revenged of his adversary. One day he accidentally met him, and accosted him in very civil terms. 'Friend, said he, thee and I have had some little misunderstanding together, but as matters are now adjusted, I hope we shall not continue at variance. Wilt thou dine with me to-day? I shall be very glad of thy company to partake of what my table affords.' The other readily consented: but before the quaker took him into the room where they were to dine, he heated the wrong end of the poker almost red hot, but not quite; and, taking it out, placed it in its proper situation by the side of the fire. He then ushered in his friend; but before he had been there half a minute, Friend, said Aminadab, as thou sittest next the fire, I should be obliged to thee if thou wouldst stir it. The other, not suspecting the trap that was laid for him, innocently took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a most shocking manner. It is impossible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice, and he abused the quaker in the grossest manner, though not so much as he deserved. The quaker made no other answer than this: Friend, thou art only *burnt in the hand*, and that thou hast deserved these many years. Last

Last night died, at his apartments in Old Bond-street, after an illness of six days, which he bore with the most perfect resignation, the lap-dog of a lady of distinction. On Sunday last he caught a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp closet, through the carelessness of a foot boy. When released from the closet, his whole frame was in the most dreadful tremor, upon which he was put to bed, and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his stomach; however, the tremor gradually abated, and on Monday Dr. Hill's Bardana was applied, but no relief was found even from this celebrated remedy: on Tuesday he was exceedingly costive, upon which some laxatives were administered, and on Wednesday he evacuated plentifully; on Thursday he was considerably better, and seemed in a fair way of recovery; but yesterday he relapsed, and expired as above-mentioned. The foot-boy was carried before justice. For — boy, who committed him till the coroner's inquest should determine whether the lad was guilty of murder, or manslaughter.

A person speaking in commendation of his absent friend, said he was an honest man, and a very good *ayer*. Another observed that, if he was an honest man he was *fit to dye*. Very true, replied the other, if a man is not a good *liver* he is not *fit to dye*. A third person remarked, that if he had regularly served an apprenticeship, he had a right to say with the apostle; *I dye daily*. An Irishman put in his oar — Devil burn me, my dear, says he, there is some *colour* for what you say about *dying*, for a man that is bred and born to

to be a dyer, has a right to dye every day of his life, or else how can he live?

A gentleman, who had favoured the public with an elegant translation of the works of Anacreon, saw some time afterwards another translation of the same author advertised to be published. He hastened to a bookseller to purchase it, and, perusing a few pages, thought it much inferior to his own. Pray, Sir, says he, to the bookseller, what is this gentleman, who has given to the world a new translation of Anacreon? He is a brewer, replied old Quarto.—If that's the case, says the other, we must give him *some grains of allowance*.

An Irishman called out of a three pair of stairs window, to a friend of his whom he saw in the street, and desired him to come up stairs; the other excused himself, and said he could not possibly spare time. What, said the honest teague, because I have had misfortunes, and am low in the world, you are above coming up to see me. When I was in affluence, and lived upon a ground floor, you condescended to visit me; but now my indigent circumstances oblige me to live up in a garret, you look down upon me.

A facetious gentleman, was relating in company that his friend Mr. M——y the council, and Mr. serjeant Wh——t——er, sat out together upon the circuit in a post chaise; but as they were not so eminent as they are now, they met with so little encouragement, that they could not afford to return in the same manner; therefore serjeant Wh——t——er, came back in a stage-coach, and Mr. M——y in the basket.

A lady, who once paid a visit to Mr. Foote, at

at his house at West-end, near Hampstead, express'd great satisfaction on viewing the garden, and its environs; and was remarkably well pleased with a fine piece of water, as she called it, at the bottom of the garden; though in fact it was little more than a ditch. Pray Mr. Foote, says the lady, how do you get this canal supplied with water? Madam, replied the humourist, my maids empty their chamber-pots in it every morning.

It is said that a lady of pleasure, who lives in George-street, and is daughter of a quack doctor, that publishes medicines for the cure of a certain disorder, never grants any gentleman the favour, without stipulating in her agreement, that if they happen to receive any injury, they shall deal with her papa.

*An Epitaph upon the unlamented Death of a talkative
Old Maid.*

Here lyeth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who, on the tenth day of August, 1764, became silent.

Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians,—only they do not deal in *scruples*.

A young gentleman having spent all the money which he had brought with him from a neighbouring kingdom, made a visit to a certain bookseller, with a poem, which he had composed, 'In praise of Riches.' The bibliopolist, knowing the value of money better than the poet did, offered him a small sum, but a sum not at all inadequate to the intrinsic merit of the piece presented to him.—The poet pocketed the five shillings, but being determined to keep up the dignity of the gentleman at the same time, said, This is a trifle, Sir, but I wrote meerly for my amusement—*were I to live by writing I find I should starve.*

A citizen's wife, who was apt to tipple a little sometimes, was one summer evening walking out with her husband to take an airing. They had not gone far before the sky appeared very cloudy, and a shower was expected. 'It rains my dear,' said the wife. 'Not yet, my dear,' replied the husband; but I fancy it will not be long first. 'Indeed, my Johnny, the wife said, it rains now, for I have just this minute held up my face, and a drop fell into my eye. You may imagine so, said the husband, but give me leave to tell you, that you had a drop in your eye before you came from home.'

An Irish gentleman, in company with some friends at a tavern, hearing a person walking up stairs, offered to lay a wager that he knew who was coming. The wager was accepted and won, for the gentleman whom he had named appeared. I was sure I should win, said the honest Hibernian, for I knew the voice of his foot.

Mr. S—, a gentleman who was a candidate to represent a borough in the West, got only one vote, and his opponent upwards of an hundred. A person said, he wondered Mr. S— did not demand a scrutiny, as he lost it *but by one*.

The epithets and figures, that some people make use of in telling a story, are truly ridiculous and laughable. A person once related what had happened to him in the following words:—I was crossing a large field, and when I came pretty near the middle, a bull followed me, and roared like thunder; I flew like lightning to keep out of his clutches; and being in such a tedious hurry in getting over the stile, I tore my breeches as if heaven and earth were coming together.

Not

A citizen and his two daughters being at Vauxhall, heartily grudged every thing his daughters asked for; after some talk—"Come, come, (said the old don) it is high time to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the Misses said, "Do let us have a chick a piece, Papa." "Zounds, (said the father) they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody, and what signifies a few shillings once in a way when a body is about it!" This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest Miss had courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought the honest Cit twisted the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance, then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "How much there was of it." "A shilling's worth, Sir," say the fellow.—"Prithce," said the Don, "how much dost think it weighs?"—"An ounce."—"A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—a reasonable profit, truly!—let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—at a shilling per ounce, that is sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them, and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declaring herself ashamed for him,

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and asked him if the people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,—"there goes two-pence!"—"there goes three-pence!"—"there goes a groat!"—"Zounds! a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom-tit." This scanty repast we may imagine was soon dispatched, and it was with much difficulty, our honest Citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length when only a very small bit was left as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper from his pocket, gravely wrapping up the meat in it, and placed it carefully in his letter-case. "I'll keep thee as a curiosity till my dying day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour *Horseman*, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—"why now, (says he) to-morrow night I can eat as much cold beef as I can stuff at any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it." A dish of tarts, cheesecakes, and custards, next made their appearance at the request of the ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, "that they were four times as dear as at the pastry cooks." Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine, "My dear, we must have some wine, or we shall not be looked upon you know!" "Well, well, (says the don) that is right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—
Here,

Here, drawer, what wine have you got?" The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—"We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour, would you have a bottle of champagne, or burgundy or claret, or"——"No, no, none of your wishy—washy outlandish ratgut for me: interrupted the citizen.—A tankard of the Alderman, beats all the red claret wine, in the French king's cellar.—But, come, bring us a bottle of sound old port: And, do ye hear? Let it be good." While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, "because (said she) it was ungenteel to smoak, where any ladies were in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, "Aye, aye, said he, the bottom has had a good kick—and mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides—not above five gills I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem, would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed." He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off: But declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing it off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies having also drank a glass round, affirmed it very good, and felt warm in the stomach: And even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour, by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter to pick out

an honest one. While the glass was then circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the garden, the citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all. The eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would learn it, if she could but carry home the tune; and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spying glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to be quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentleman, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself; only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared, "it was reasonable, considering." Our citizen bore his misfortune with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over the articles, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when had carefully summed up every figure, he bid the drawer bring change for sixpence, then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings, which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down two-

pence

peace in the same exact order: then calling for the waiter, "there," says he, "there's your damage—thirteen and two pence—and thank ye; I there's three-pence over for yourself." The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket, and thinking it—"this," says he, "will serve for a paper of tobacco to-morrow." The family now prepared themselves for going, and as there were some slight drops of rain, made him buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his waistcoat; and made him slap his hat, over which he tied her pocket-handkerchief to save his wig; and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even patted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accompaniments he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat turned over her head, and his daughters, with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the gardens, and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, young mistress asked, "When shall we come again, papa?" "Come again," (said he) "what a pox would you ruin me but. Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have done very handsomely. Why it would not have cost me four-pence-half-penny to have spent my evening at *Sat's Hall*; and with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here's almost a pound gone, and nothing to show for it." "Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you," (replied the old lady) "you are always grudging me; and your girls the least bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to *Little Hornsey* to drink tea; w I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world—and they shall." The old don

was not willing to pursue the argument any longer; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute, by saying, "Come come, let us make haste, wife, or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again,—and to-morrow you know is Sunday."

One captain Broughton, who lived by his wits, visiting a friend in the Tower about dinner time, his friend being absent, in his walk seeing several dishes of meat, and bottles of wine carried up to a lord's lodging, he immediately followed after the guests, among whom the captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely. Often the lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guests whose relation he was, which the captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, my lord, do you not know me? No, indeed, Sir, said the lord. Quoth the captain, sure you do, my lord, for you and I have been in all prisons in England. How, said the lord, I never was in any but this of the tower. True, my lord, answered the captain, and I have been in all the rest. At which jest the lord and his company laughed heartily and told him he was welcome.

A Scotchman was walking in the depth of winter upon the new bridge at Paris, with only a thin white linen doubleton, with stockings of the same stuff, a little camblet cloak, and a sword by his side; the king happened to pass that way, and seeing this man in such a dress at that time of the year, was curious to know the reason of it; upon which he commanded him to be called: he then asked him if he was not cold? No, Sir, replies our Scot. How it is possible friend, replies

not cold. "I had you know the world the way

the king, but you should be so, in the thin dress you wear, when I who am better cloathed than you, am yet ready to freeze? Oh, replied Sawney, if your majesty would but do as I do, you would never feel the least cold. How's that, says the king? Why, if your majesty would but put on *all your* cloaths, as I put on *all mine*, you would be warm enough. The king was so pleased with this secret, that he gave orders for his having a good winter suit.

A man that lost an eye, having married a girl whom he supposed to be a virgin, was very much enraged not to find her so, and rebuked her in the severest terms; but she answered, Why would you have me perfect, when you yourself have lost an eye; 'tis from my *enemies*, replies the husband, that I have received that injury, and 'tis from my *friends*, says the girl, that I have received mine.

A poor Frenchman, who was very hungry, went into a cook's shop at St. Giles's, and there staid 'till his stomach was satisfied with the smell of the victuals: the cook falling into a passion, insisted on his paying him for a dinner, which the poor monsieur refused to do; and the dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the decision of it to the first man that passed that way, which happened to be a chimney-sweep, but who, on hearing the case, very wisely determined, that the Frenchman's money should be shook between two empty dishes, and the cook should be satisfied with the *gingling* of it, as the poor man had been satisfied with the *smell* of the cook's meat.

A gentlewoman loved a doctor of physic, and to enjoy him, feigned herself sick; the doctor being sent for in all haste, went up and staid
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with her an hour: when he came down, her husband asked him how she did? Oh, said he, she has had *two such extreme fits*, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your heart ache.

An Englishman and an Irishman were condemned for piracy. For that crime they are generally executed near a river. The Englishman was to suffer first, but by some accident the rope slipped, and he fell into the water. Being an excellent swimmer, he swam to the other side of the river, and made his escape. The Irishman, seeing what had happened, begg'd of the executioner to tie his rope fast: "for (says he) if it should chance to slip, I shall certainly lose my life, for I cannot swim."

In Admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg shot off, whereupon one of his mess-mates took him down to the surgeon, and at the same time took his leg off the deck, and put it under his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his mess-mates began shaking his head, and telling him, he was very sorry he had lost his leg. That's a d—n'd lie, ye son of a b—h, reply'd he, for see here, I have got it under my arm.

A jury being summoned to attend the Coroner of Middlesex to sit on the body of a woman who had hanged herself. An Irishman going by, on seeing them enter the house, asked, what was the matter? And being told they were going to sit on the dead body, "Arrah now," says he, "then I'll be d—n'd if so many don't squeeze her to death."

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it; the miller looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? "Why, says one of them, we are looking at this thing, pray what is it?" "Why, says the miller, don't you see? where are your eyes? It is a windmill." "We crave your mercy, Sir, says the scholars, we took it for a goal, seeing a thief look out of the window."

A countryman passing through a street in London, stumbled, and his backside fell to the ground. An 'prentice seeing it, fell a laughing, and said, "See, see, fellow, how fine London is, it brooks no such clowns as you." With that the countryman turn'd back, and answered, "As fine as it is, it hath kifs'd my tail for this once."

A Gentleman talking of his travels, a Lady in company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. "Nay then, Madam," replied the Gentleman, "as travellers, we may *lie* together by Authority."

The famous Captain Fitzpatrick, who married 'Squire Western's niece, and was reckoned an excellent hand at making bulls, walking one day with some ladies a little out of Westchester, with his hat under his arm; the wind blowing very hard, one of the ladies said, I wonder Captain you will be so ceremonies to walk bare headed in such boisterous weather; pray, Sir, put on your hat. "Arrah, by my shoul, dear Madam, (answer'd the Captain) I have been after trying two or three times already, but the wind is so high, that I cannot keep my hat upon my head, any longer than 'tis under my arm."

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The late Earl of Shaftsbury kept an Irish footman, who perhaps was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My Lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain Judge, the Judge in return, sent his Lordship half a dozen of live partridges with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, to open the lid of it, to quiet them, upon which they all flew away. O! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone. But when he came home, and my Lord had read the letter, Why Teague, says his Lordship, I find here are half a dozen partridges in the letter. "Now, arrah, dear honey (said Teague) I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are all lost out of the basket."

A Cambridge scholar, conducting the daughter of a book-binder of that town through a croud, took hold of the sleeve of her gown. "Don't pull too hard, said one of his acquaintance that met him, for fear you should pull her out of the binding."—"I dont care if I do, replied the other, for I should like her better in sheets."

Some gentlemen being in company with an Irish person of fortune, in a good humour'd way, laid a dozen of claret, that he would make a bull before he went to bed, and to induce him the more to do it, propos'd that he should mention all the signs of the bull in that town, which he said were seven; as they knew there was but six, they imagin'd they had him at the best; after he had repeated six, he paused, and they desired to know where the seventh was, by J—f—s, says he, I had forgot the *red cow*, at the bridge foot, at which, with a loud laugh, they said, that's a
bull.

bull, then replied the Irishman, upon my conscience, I have won the wager, for you made it a *bull*, and not me, at all, at all.

The late Harry Howard of humorous memory, who wrote the song on the Queen's ass, to give himself some consequence, put to one of his proposals for a volume of poems,

By H. Howard, A. M. F. R. S.

Being asked by a gentleman what he meant, he said, *Ass Master, and Fellow of the Ragged Society.*

Jack Dunn, who was not only an excellent musician, but a painter also, being asked by a bailiff, if his name was not *Dunn*; guessing at his business, replied, No, it was *undone*.

A countryman, that lived at London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, *If he saw Whitehall?* No, says he. *Nor the Tower?* say the other. No, says he, *Strange* replied his friend, *What could be the reason of it?* *Why truly*, says he, *the keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.*

Several scholars went to steal rabbits, and by the way they warned a novice among them to make no noise, for fear of scaring the rabbits away. At last, he espying some, said loud in Latin, "*Ecce cuniculi multi!*" and with that the rabbits ran into their boroughs: wherewith his fellows offended, and chiding him for it, he said, "*Who the devil would have thought that rabbits understood Latin!*"

One being in the water, desired his companion to come in also; to which he replied, "I can swim no more than a *dog*." He intreated him a second time to come in and try; "Indeed you won't

won't believe me, says he; I can swim no more than a *poß*." And being more earnest the third time, he solemnly protested, "He could swim no more than a *goose*."

Mr. Fuller and Mr. Sparrowhawk walking together, among other merry discourse, says Fuller, "What is the difference between an *owl* and a *Sparrowhawk*?" "O! says Sparrowhawk, 'tis fuller in the face, fuller in the body, and fuller all over."

Mr. Jokish and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen of London, went to Westchester fair to lay a little money out; and being there one night, the chamberlain of the inn where they lodged, happened to conduct him through an apartment where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so plaguy long shanked, that his legs were half way out at the feet of the bed; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humour with them. And as soon as they came into the next room, where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we will take care of the candle ourselves—So, when the chamberlain retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his design.—Did you observe, says he, the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out of the bed? Yes replied Jackson, and what then? If you will hold the candle just at the door, answered Jokish, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I will show you some diversion—With all my heart! replies Jackson. So they both of them pulled off their slippers, to prevent making a noise. And as soon as Jokish came into the room where the two men lay, he espied by the bed-side a pair of spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently

gently puts it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of the bed: and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckoned his friend Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives a great (for he happened to be an Irishman) a good hard pinch upon the same foot that he had put the spur upon. The Irishman at this began to growl considerably, and hauling up his feet into the bed (though not awake) he scratched his bedfellow's legs sadly with the spur, who being a Scotchman, roars out, in a devilish passion, "Dee'd damn you, sir, gen ye'd not gang out of the bed, and cut your toe nails, by God I'll throw you out of the window." The Irishman being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his legs as they were before; at which the Scotchman began to punnise the Irishman heartily. Presently after, the Irishman rolling his feet about the bed, struck the rowel of the spur into his own leg, which thoroughly awaked him. At this, he with some surprise, putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, cried out in a very great passion, "Ah, damn my shoul, but the hostler of this inn a very great rascal, by Christ, but he has pulled off both my boots, and like a damned rogue, has left one of my spurs on."

A man having bought a horse at a fair, when the bargain was struck, and the money paid down, asked the countryman, whom he had bought it of, to tell him, now, honestly, what faults he knew in the horse. "Why faith," says the bumpkin, "I know of none but one." And what's that? said the buyer. "He only wants a little memory; and the fellow?" "What dost thou mean?" said the other.

"Why, hark ye, master," said the man, "I'm no fooler

soo, or on the back of him, but down he comes, and though I bang him soundly for't, yet ere he goes thirty yards, he forgets all, and down he comes again."

A country gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him one day when he paid a visit to a lady, to whom he made his addresses. "Dear me!" cried the lady, "what a pretty dog this is!"—Madam said he, "it is not a dog; 'tis one of your own sex."

In Southwark there is a small madhouse dependent on Guy's hospital. In the first year of that hospital, a madman having made his escape from one of the windows, crawled along over several houses. But coming at length to some bad tiling, it gave way, and part of his body went through. "Good God!" said a woman who was sitting in the room, "who's there?"—"Hold your tongue, you bitch," said the madman, "I am only come to make you a fly-light."

A taylor, who had a pretty young wife, having an occasion to go into the country, in the mean while his journeyman, a lusty young fellow, makes love to her, which she refuses. At last he vowed he would come into the chamber when she was in bed. "I vow," said she, "if you do, I'll bring up the great knife, and lay it in the bed with me." At night, however, he comes up, and opens the chamber door, and steals toward the bed, but in collecting the knife, was going away again. "Who's there?" says she. "Tis I, madam," said he, "I was resolved to lie with you tonight, but that I remembered your vow of the knife." *Quart a rede was I!* said she, *to leave the knife below in the kitchen.*

A proud parson, and his man, riding over a heath, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a new coat.

coat. The parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? "The same people said the shepherd, that cloath you; the parish." The parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd, accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding thereby that his master really wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away then?" said the shepherd. No, answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living won't maintain three of us."

Scoggin being once very low in pocket, and meeting with a lord who was walking in the court, thought to wheedle him out of a broad piece, and coming up to him, said, "My lord, I had a strange dream last night, and now half of it is out; for I dreamt that I met you here, and that you gave me a broad-piece." "Well, says his lordship, then I will make out the other part," and so gave it him. "But stay, now I think on it, give me that again, for it is a piece my mistress gave me to keep for her sake." Scoggin readily returned it, in hopes of a better gratuity. "Now, said my lord, I'll tell you my dream, that it may be out likewise—I dreamt, That I gave a fool money, and he had not the wit to keep it," and so passed on, leaving Scoggin to scratch his ears, and fretting to be so outwitted.

An Italian was accused for marrying five wives; when, being carried before the judge, he was asked, why he married so many? He answered "In order to meet with a good one if possible."

The earl of Cadra, being a very valiant gentleman, aiming himself on a time to go to engage the enemy, his gentleman greatly wondered to see him so tremble and quiver all the time his armour was putting on; which the earl perceiving, said, "See, see, sirs, how basely my flesh quakes to think in what a peck of troubles my adventurous heart will put it in anon."

One day several ladies and gentlemen went in different boats, on a party of pleasure on the Thames. By accident one of the boats overturning, all who were in it were soured into the water, but in particular, a pretty young girl, who being in imminent danger, a gentleman leaped out of another boat to save her, the girl, as soon as he swam to her, laid hold of him by the waistband of his breeches, which, with their pulling, soon gave way; and scarce knowing what she did, she laid hold of him by a place which shall be nameless; however, he brought her ashore. Afterwards, having got themselves dried, and being after dinner, in an inn at Richmond, the ladies being withdrawn the gentlemen began to laugh and joke with him who had saved the girl, on account of the odd part she had seized him by. Faith, says one of the companions, "I think she did quite right; she was afraid of being drowned; and, to secure herself, laid hold of a thing that never goes to the bottom."

Not long ago, when there was a very high wind, a convict under sentence of death, in Newgate, said to the ordinary, one morning, "I have not been able to sleep a wink all night, for the wind has been so high, that I thought our house would have been blown down."

An

An Irishman said, he was very fond of the *women in general*; but that an *African girl*, with whom he got acquainted upon the Gold coast, pleased him better than all the rest of the *fair sex* put together.

What peculiar phrases some people have in conversation. I once went to be amused with the debates at the Queen's Arms, in Newgate-street, the president of which made a frequent use of the words *What not?* Speaking of the extravagancy of young Tradesmen, he said, ' Things are ' come to such a pass, now-a-days, that every ' petty tradesman must be continually running ' to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and the Play-houses, and ' *what not?*—By which means they become ac- ' quainted with the infamous women of the town, ' and contract bad diseases, and *what not?* By ' these means they destroy their wealth and con- ' stitution, and *what not?*—And presently after ' get themselves into a Gaol, or the Gazette, and ' *what not?* and perhaps they have a young fa- ' mily at home, exposed to want and beggary, and ' *what not?* I could not help shewing my ap- probation of this elegant harangue, which I did in the following words: ' Mr. President, you ' are a man of great erudition, ingenuity, genius, ' and *what not?*

A friend of mine is as fond of the phrase, *things of that kind*, as Mr. President was of *what not?* The words, *things of that kind*, were terms that he would frequently apply to the most opposite articles, I'll give you a specimen. ' I am ' very fond,' said he to me, ' of leg of veal, or ' ox-check, and *things of that kind*; but I abomi- ' nably hate roast-beef, or boiled fowl, or tripe, or ' *things of that kind*. I don't like to see your ora-

‘ *torios, and puppet-shews, and things of that kind;*
 ‘ *but I am very fond of comedies and tragedies, and*
 ‘ *things of that kind.*’ I once proposed to walk
 with him to Richmond. ‘ No,’ replied he, ‘ it
 ‘ *is too far to walk; let us take a boat or a coach,*
 ‘ *or something of that kind.*’ He once declared to
 me, that he was quite weary of a *single life*, and
 would get *married or something of that kind*; but
 if he should happen to express himself in so coarse
 a manner, to the young lady he should happen to
 address, she would probably give him a denial, or
something of that kind.

A person in company said to another, you are
 a damn’d scoundrel.—The other replied, ‘ Gen-
 ‘ tlemen, you must not mind what that man says,
 ‘ *he is only talking to himself.*’

A gentleman in pursuit of a highwayman that
 had robbed him, at length gave up the chase, and
 said he rode so fast it was impossible to *overtake*
 him; but I have this satisfaction, continued he,
 that *justice will overtake him, if I cannot.*

When Mr. Heidegger was formerly master of
 the public amusements, he declared he gain’d
 more by one *ridotto* than two *masquerades*; for
 he said at the *former*, ladies with difficulty could
 be persuaded even to sip a glass of wine, but with
masks on, the same people would drink a bottle.

Dryden’s translation of Virgil being commended
 by a Right Rev. Bishop, a witty Earl said, ‘ the
 ‘ *original is indeed excellent, but every thing*
 ‘ *suffers by a translation, except a Bishop.*

Some time before L—d H——d’s trip to the
 continent, when the *public defaulter* was the gene-
 ral subject of conversation, as he, his lady, and
 second son were in the coach going to H——d
 House, my lord asked his son jocosely, ‘ What
 the

the world thought of him. The other excused himself for some time, observing he might be angry with him if he told him the truth, which the other assured him he should not, let it be what it would: 'Why then, Sir, (says Mr. F——x) they say there is not a greater reason hang'd. And pray, Sir, (return'd the father with great emotion) 'where is your spirit not to resent such an injury?' My Lord, replied the son, 'I should by no means want spirit, to resent any injury offered my father, as I look upon it the same as to myself; nor should any *single* person dare to mention it with impunity. But surely, my Lord, you would not have me fight *every body*.'

One day last week a country gentleman, possessed of a small estate in Yorkshire, being tired of having attended the levee of a certain great man for several years, to no purpose, waited on his lordship to let him know that he would give him no farther trouble, as he had just got a *place*. My Lord shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he was extremely glad of his success, making a thousand apologies, at the same time, for not having it in his power to reward him according to his merit. — 'And pray, Mr. S——, where is your *place*?' 'In the York machine, my Lord; I secured it yesterday, and shall set off to-morrow morning. — Your Lordship has intirely cured me of ambition.'

On a witty Lady's being informed that Lady G——r had been discovered in an affair with the Duke of C——d, the person observing to her that her Ladyship had some years ago been talked of with the Duke of Y——k, and that it proved her a most *disloyal wife*. — 'True, replied the Lady, but I shall be wiser than to do so again.'

‘ you must allow it proves her a very *loyal subject*,
 ‘ by shewing her *steady attachment* to the r—l fa-
 ‘ mily.’

A Physician at Bath lately told Mr. Foote, that
 he had a mind to publish his poems; but, said he,
 I have so many irons in the fire, I do not know
 what to do. ‘ Then take my advice,’ said Foote,
 ‘ and put your poems into the fire with the rest of
 ‘ your irons.’

A certain Nobleman, as famous for his cou-
 rage as his wit, being a short time since at Mrs.
 Cornely’s, having his spectacles on, and looking
 about for some of his female acquaintance, in
 despatch, thus addressed an old school-fellow of
 his.—‘ Egad, Tom, it’s impossible to meet with
 ‘ a woman one knows; formerly one was sure of
 ‘ finding some of one’s female acquaintance, when
 ‘ they wore their own natural faces—but now
 ‘ they are all in masquerade; the only difference
 ‘ between this and that in the Hay-market, is,
 ‘ that there they wear black velvet masks; here
 ‘ they consist of white lead and vermillion; but
 ‘ the deception is equal.’

It is confidently asserted of Lady H—, that
 her Lord having some very strong suspicions of her
 ladyship’s infidelity, and even the just right his
 daughters had to call him father, her ladyship
 made this very satisfactory declaration: ‘ I so-
 ‘ lemnly declare, my lord, that you have not the
 ‘ least reason to doubt of your being their father;
 ‘ for I protest, before heaven, that I never injured
 ‘ your body till after I was pregnant.’

In an inventory of the effects of a gentleman,
 who lately died in the county of Donegal, in Ire-
 land, which has been transmitted by an eminent
 attorney at that place, to the heir at law of the
 deceased

deceased in this city, is the following curious article.—*It Item, To an empty candle-chest full of old wigs, worth nothing at all* £ 10 5 00

The following advertisement appeared in the *Gazetteer*, in October last. “A lady, in whose power it is to promote the interest of a single gentleman, is willing to engage her friendship to him, if possessed of honour, spirit, address, and secrecy. As this address may possibly engage the attention of many, it may be necessary to say, that no person can reap the proposed advantage, unless above a mean suspicion, and capable, from his fortune, as well as disposition, to do a favour immediately for the advertiser.”

A few days ago the wardens of a church, not far from Bread-street, gave orders for a glazier to come and clean the windows of the church; but when he came, they altered their mind; and to make himself amends for the disappointment, the modest glazier set down the following article in his bill, which has been since paid. “For cartying and bringing back a ladder” 7s 6d.

The following is a true copy of a painter's bill at Cirencester, delivered to the church wardens of an adjoining parish.

Mr. Cha. Ferebee (Church-warden of Siddington,) To Joseph Cook Painter
To mending the Commandments—altering the Belief—and making a New Lord's

Prayer. Some persons, in Edinburgh, murmuring and complaining that none of the Royal Family ever made a tour that way to visit Scotland; “recollect yourself,” said an Englishman, “can you forget that the Duke of Cumberland paid you a visit in the year 1745.”

On

On Easter Monday, an arch rogue meeting a blind woman who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the arm and said, Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where this holiday time you may chance to meet with good custom.—Thank'e kindly, sir, says she. Where-upon he conducted her to Cripple-gate church, and placed her in the middle isle. Now, says he, you are in Moorfields, which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, *Hot puddings and pies, hot puddings and pies.—Come, they are all hot, &c.* which caused the whole congregation to burst out in a loud laughter! and the clerk came and told her, she was in a church; you are a lying son of a whore, says she. Which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church, she cursing and damning him all the while; nor would she believe him till she heard the organs play.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Tom Brown what was to be seen. Only a cobbler, said, replied he.

As Tom Brown was sitting at a table with another gentleman, who speaking of the fair sex in general, affirmed that there was not one honest woman among them all. "If it be so," replied Tom, "one of these two things must necessarily follow; you must either be a cuckold, and a son of a whore, or you have told a damn'd lie."

As a boy was leading a calf with both hands, a nobleman happened to pass by upon the highway; the boy, it seems, minded the calf more than the lord, and went trudging on, without moving his hat. "Why, firrah," says the nobleman, "have you no more manners than to stand staring

staring one in the face with your hat on?"
 "Alas," says the boy, "I'll pull off my hat
 with all my heart, if your lordship will, but
 tight, and hold my calf in the mean time."

A merry cobbler, as he sat stitching in his
 stall, was singing a piece of his own composition,
 wherein he very often repeated these words, viz.
*The king said to the queen, and the queen said to
 the king, — What was it the king said to the queen,*
 said one who heard him. Crispin snatched up his
 strap, and lays it, with all his might, across the
 shoulders of the impertinent querist: "How how,

sauce box," says he, "it is a fine age we live in,
 when such coxcombs as you must be prying into
 matters of state. I'd have you to know, sirrah,
 I am too loyal a subject to betray the king's
 secrets: and pray get you gone and don't inter-
 rupt me in my lawful occupation, lest I stick my
 awl in your arse, and put an end to your folly."

A young lady asked a gentleman, who was a
 lawyer, what was the most surprising curiosity in
 all Sir Hans Sloane's collection? He answered, *a
 virgin at thirty years of age.* Indeed, sir, replied
 the lady, you are mistaken, for I have been told
 by several, that in his whole collection, there is
 nothing so curious as an *honest lawyer.*

A gentleman talking of the four elements, ex-
 pressed great admiration at the creation of water.
 Lord, sir, said a merry lady, there's nothing so
 very curious in that, for *I can make water.*

A country maid riding to market, her mare
 stumbled in the middle of the market-place, and
 threw her tippet-turvey, shewing all for nothing.
 but she receiving no harm by the fall, speedily
 got up again, and turning herself to the laughing
 people, said, *Sirs, did you ever see the like before?*

Never

Never but once, said a country fellow, and that was a black one.

A woman whose husband was ill, went to Dr. Ratcliff with some of his urine in a urinal, to desire him to prescribe for him. The doctor took the urinal out of the woman's hand, and after emptying it, made water in it himself. He then asked her what trade her husband was of, she answered a shoe-maker; why then, said the doctor, do you take this water of mine to him, and if he can fit me with a pair of Boots by looking at it, then will I prescribe for him by looking at his water.

A citizen's wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many gossings: how is it possible, said she, that one goose should suckle so many gossings.

Mrs. A called to her servants to know what smell was in the kitchen. They answered, they were making matches. Well, said she, I have heard matches were made in heaven, but by the brimstone one would think they were made in hell.

A gentleman, who had been very silly and pert in a lady's company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of his child, lately dead.

A bishop sitting by, advised him to make himself easy, because the child was gone to heaven. I believe, my lord, said the lady, is that which makes him grieve, because he is sure never to see his child there.

A sea captain being just come ashore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what passing he had.

Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them, and

and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company, away we set over the downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale, we tacked and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run a-ground; but getting close off I stood after her again; but as the devil would have it, just about to lay her a board, bearing too much wind, I and my horse overset, and came keel upwards."

Two gentlemen being in a pair of oars, one of them was affronted by the waterman; firrah, says the other gentleman, hold your prating, or else *I'll knock your head and the wall together.*

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying he flounced over head and ears. Why, you rogue, says he, did you not tell me it might be passed over? *I thought so, for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose.*

A lord-lieutenant going over to Ireland, with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken by a violent storm, so that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every instant that she would either founder or go a-shore. At this juncture a sailor observing one of the menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin door, came up to him, and asked him if he had ever lain with a duchess. No, says the poor fellow, frightened at such waggery, in such a dangerous time. Why then, says the tar, you have that pleasure to come, *for by G—d, we shall all lie with her Grace in less than half an hour.* The Duke, who overheard this, when the storm was abated, and the danger was over, sent the

G

fellow

fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the joke, for the sake of its wit.

A *Welchman* hearing a malefactor, that was tried before him, say, concerning a mare he had stolen, that he had brought it up from a colt; when he came to be examined, about a sword he had stolen, swore by St. Davy it was her own, *for hur had brought it up from a dagger.*

A young chaplain who had neither a good voice nor skill in singing, yet thought every one admired him, often observed an old woman to fall a crying when a psalm was singing; for which, one day he asked her before some of the chiefest of the house, what moved her to weep so often when the psalm was singing? ‘Alas, Sir,’ said she, ‘when I lived in the country with my husband, we had the misfortune to lose a she-ass, which was very profitable to us, and your voice doth so much resemble hers, that every time I hear you sing, I cannot forbear thinking of the poor creature.’

In the reign of William the Third a dispute happened between the lords Salisbury and Huntingdon, when the former gave the latter a box on the ear. They were both put instantly under an arrest; and the king sent for lord Huntingdon, and insisted he should give his honour that he would not fight. Huntingdon was seemingly obliged to comply; but had no sooner left the king than he fought, and wounded Salisbury in a dangerous manner. — The king, highly incensed at this procedure, asked Huntingdon how he dared fight when he had given him his honour. — “Sire, (replied his lordship) your majesty was in the wrong to take such a pledge; —

for

for at the time I gave it you I was a *beaten, infamous scoundrel, and had no honour to give.*

Lord S—— after the first day's review at Portsmouth, having asked a clergyman, whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? The reverend ecclesiastic replied—"Yes; especially as I observed your lordship to be in the midst of it."

A short time since some robbers having broke into a gentleman's house, went to the footman's bed, and told him "if he moved he was a dead man."—"That's a d—d lie (cried the fellow) if I move I am sure I am alive."

Lord Deloraine (who stammers a good deal) being in a cockpit, and offering several betts, which he would have lost, if he could have replied in time, at length offered ten pounds to a crown,—A gambler who stood by said *done*; but his lordship's fit of stuttering happening to seize him, he could not repeat the word *done* till the favourite cock was beat. This so provoked the knowing one, that he swore—"D—n your stuttering blood if you had been a plain spoken man, you would have been ruined by this time."

A few days before lord Chesterfield's death, as that nobleman was taking an airing in Hyde-Park, in an old coach and six black horses, a nobleman went to the side of his carriage, and enquired his health.—I am but very indifferent (cried he) and as I shall live but a few days longer,—*I am now rehearsing my own funeral.* A few hours before his lordship died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the

Thatched-house in St. James's-street; and words rising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. Ay, says his lordship, I am not surpris'd at that;—*I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a striking beauty.* When he was given to understand that he would die by inches, he replied with a smile, “If that is the case, *I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*”

The duke of Orleans, during his regency, interrogated a stranger as to the distinguishing characteristics of the European nations. “I cannot better satisfy your royal highness (replied he) than by repeating the first question which is usually asked by the individuals of each, relative to a person on his first introduction to them.—In Spain, added he, they enquire if he is a grandee, and of what rank?—In France, if he is known at court?—In Holland, what property he possesses?—In England, what sort of man he is?”

At Salisbury music-meeting in June 1770, Miss Linley, while singing the air in the oratorio of the Messiah, “*I know that my redeemer liveth,*” a little bullfinch, that had found means by some accident or other to secret itself in the Cathedral, was so struck with the inimitable sweetness, and harmonious simplicity of her manner of singing, that, mistaking it for the voice of a feathered chorister of the wood, and far from being intimidated by the numerous assemblage of spectators, it perched immediately on the gallery over her head, and accompanied her with the musical warblings of its little throat through great part of the song. This was received by all present with great satisfaction and pleasure, and considered as the strongest proof in nature that could be produced of Miss Linley's merit, except a lubberly, senseless

less fellow that played on the bassoon, who took aim with his instrument, as with a gun, at the gallery, and the bird, immediately frightened—flew away.

Miss *Catley* is as much celebrated for her strokes of wit and humour, as for her amours. The following is a proof how she can despise money when she dislikes her man.—One evening, after she had played *Rosetta* in the comic opera of *Love in a Village*, the earl of H——n sent her a billet couched in the warmest terms, and containing the largest promises. She read it, and with great indifference wrote on the back of the paper, “Admit one into the boxes.”

A. CATLEY.”

“It’s a hard task,” cried poor Frank Dudley, one morning, rubbing his swollen eyes, and his wife pushing him out of bed—“It is a hard task to rise to one’s pen with an aching heart, and an empty purse—But Mr. Smatter must be obeyed—must have three essays in one day.—On *Love*; with an unfeeling termagant I hate!—On *Domestic Felicity*; with her tongue dinning in my ears, and six helpless innocents calling aloud for bread!—On the *Pleasures of Society*; with a coat worn to thread, and my acquaintance shunning me in the street!—”

A young fellow designed for the temple, previous to his setting out for London, was told by his mother, among other frugal maxims, that the Londoners were great extortioners, and that he must not give above half what he was asked, for the purchase of any thing. A few days after his arrival in London, he had occasion given him for putting her advice in execution. A brother-templar had several *crown* pieces, which he had just

brought from the mint. Our Sir Richard was so much taken with them, that he determined to purchase them, and asked the Templar what he would take for them? Take for them! replied the Templar, with some surprize, why five shillings a piece: Squire Richard's oeconomical maxim now came into his head—and he offered the Templar two and six-pence for each of them.

Anecdote of Lord N——n.

His lordship being much afflicted with the gout during his chancellorship, it happened on a birthday, soon after his majesty's accession, that he was taken so ill as to send lady N——n (who by the bye was no Solomon) to court in his stead. On her return she was telling, that the K——g had asked her who built Grange? (the seat of the lord chancellor.) And who did you say? replied my lord. "Why, I told him it was Indigo Jones." Well, and what did the K——g say? continued he. "Why, he said, he thought as how it was Indigo Jones by the style." Upon this his lordship set up a horse laugh, which his lady interpreting to be from some mistake of her's, begged to know whether she had not informed his majesty right? "O, says the other (in his usual blunt way) perfectly so, Kate; I was only laughing to think which of you was the greatest f—l."

At a masquerade in Soho several ladies of *easy* virtue appeared as *Dianas*—Footie was in the character of a fool.—One of the nymphs said to him, "So Mr. Fool, we seem to be all in *character* here.—" No madam, (said he) for if we were, there would be more *fools* and no *Dianas*."

If it be not a jest, it is at least laughable enough to consider that there is at this time a lady living
in

in Holborn, who has never seen a field but from her garrat window, knows nothing of the river Thames but from report; and has never been farther from home than St. Andrew's church.

Lord Chesterfield had a most unconquerable passion for gaming; yet always chose rather to play with gamblers than with gentlemen. Being asked his reason for this singular taste, he replied, "When I play with sharpers, and am successful, I am sure of being paid—but if I play with gentlemen, they generally acknowledge the debt, but seldom discharge it."

A few years before Mr. Quin's death, an acquaintance advised him to marry—"No," said he, "though I have acted many ridiculous parts on the stage, I am resolved not to play a more ridiculous one than them all, that of an old bridegroom."

The father of Powell, the player, had been a coachman.—Foote hearing that Powell had set up his chariot, said, "He is a very unnatural son, or he would have hired his father for his coachman."

A traveller told a company that himself and only two of his companions made one hundred and fifty armed Spaniards run. The company expressing their astonishment, he said, "Nay, there was no great matter in it; for we run away, and they followed us."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen (said he) if you *all* go in, it will not hold you."

An English gentleman being seized with a violent fever at Jamaica, his wife, in the presence of an Irish physician, hinted to him the propriety of
making

making his will, in a country where people were so apt to die. The physician, thinking his skill called in question, cried, "Upon my shoul madam, I wish you would tell me the country where people *do not die* ; and I will go and *end my days there*."

A person was summoned to the court of conscience for a debt of thirty shillings on a note of hand, a copy of which the creditor had made on the back of the paper.—Being asked his reason for doing this, he answered, "because I was afraid I might lose the *original*."

Mrs. Macaulay having published her *Loose Thoughts*, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to chuse:—"by no means, (replied he) the sooner a woman gets rid of *such thoughts* the better."

Quin being asked why he did not marry, take a house, and set up an equipage ; said he always carried a wife, a dinner, and a coach in his pocket, in the shape of half a guinea, half a crown, and a shilling.

A person in company with a ceremonious acquaintance of his, said, "*Cere mony* was the worst money that ever was coined and circulated. The other replied, "But you must allow it to be *current*." "True, resumed the first, but it is not *sterling*."

A person taking some company with him into a pastry cook's shop, to treat them with a particular *pye*, enquired of the master if he did not keep all sorts of *pyes* ; Yes, Sir, replies the cook, with a high glee, and the best in England ; well then, says our wag, let us have a couple of your *mag-pies*.

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happened
to

to be an Irishman, and told him he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home and *let them out*. The taylor promised to obey the orders he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his clothes home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when paddy arrived, asked him what was become of his coat and waistcoat?—

“ By my soul (saith the ninth part of an Irishman) I have obeyed your commands and have *let them out*, and the devil burn me but I think I have made a very good bargain, for they happened to fit a countryman of mine, and I have *let them out* to him at sixpence a week, and he has engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lives or dies.”

An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his observed that his clothes did not fit him at all. “ How the devil should they,” said the honest Hibernian, “ for when the taylor took measure of me, he was in London, and I was in Dublin.”

The following Advertisement appeared in the Morning Chronicle of December last.

Wanted immediately a *Coachman* who perfectly understands his business, and will have no objection to act as *Butler*, and do *any other Matters* that may be required of him in the family. He must *write a good hand*, and know something of *shaving and dressing hair*. During the summer he

he will have occasional employment in the *gardens*. Whoever this may suit, that can have an *unexceptionable character* from his last place, may enquire for Peter Davies, Esq; at Mr. Williams's, &c.—To prevent trouble, the wages are five pounds a year.——* * *Peter Davies, Esq; must be a man of infinite generosity! a man who is possessed of the united qualifications of coachman, butler, secretary, barber, hair-dresser, and gardener, and will act in each capacity, shall have the enormous wages of five pounds a year.*

A person speaking of one of our judges, said he administered *strict justice*, and there was not a more *upright man* living. An Irish gentleman present admitted the fact, and further observed, that he must certainly be an *upright man* who would always *lean* in favour of the prisoner.

Foote was never remarkable for *economy*; and so long as *economy* continued the favourite *pass-word* at court, so long did it continue the favourite *mock-word* of the *English Aristophanes*.—Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, must remember the beautiful set of *dun* horses with which he used formerly to drive his carriage.—On being complimented respecting their limbs, their fine shapes, and colour, one day—“Yes, (replied the wag) I am never without a *set of duns* in my retinue; but with this difference, that in the summer I drive the *duns*, and in the winter the *duns* drive me.”

Sitting in a coffee-room, one day, and a dog being very troublesome, Aristophanes bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. “Sir;” said a young coxcomb,

comb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs."—
 "No," said he, "nor puppies neither."

Anecdote of General Paoli.

As the Corsican chief was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of unlicensed pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a very pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself from her ladyship; but she still held him, and finding all her former rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a handsome present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran stared, and demanded how. Why, Sir, said the girl, you have been driven from home, and lost your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the same cause, I am reduced to the like extremity. We are both children of liberty, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other. The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he took out his purse, and gave her a guinea.

In the early part of his life, the late Sir Alexander Grant practised physic in the West Indies. —As he was rather proud, Mr. Foote, in order to mortify him, accosted him one day by the title of Dr. Grant; after he had assumed that of baronet. When Sir Alexander found there was no end of "How do you do Dr. Grant?" he replied warmly, "Sir, I am no doctor" — "No faith (said the other) nor ever were."

An Italian gentleman, who was dangerously ill, and at the same time heavily charged with debts, told his confessor, that the only favour he had to ask

ask of heaven, was, that his life might be prolonged till he discharged them. Then replied the priest, since your reason for wishing to live is so just, I pray that your prayers may be heard. Ay, father, answered the sick man, I pray that they may, for I am sure if I live till I pay all my debts, I shall never die.

The duke of C. dining at Foote's, when Mr. Reynolds was present; his highness said, "So, Mr. Reynolds, I find you are intimate with Mr. Wilkes.—Pray what time does he go to bed?—what time does he rise?" and several questions equally important.——"Your highness (cried Foote) will please to remember that Mr. Reynolds is Wilkes's *attorney*, not his *chamberlain*."

When Mr. Foote was told, about a week before his death, of the singular circumstance of a banker's wife, in Birmingham, *making it a point* to be always in the straw at the time of her majesty's lying-in, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and (shaking his sides all the while) said it put him in mind of a courtier who (as the story went when he was a boy) had been so used to pay homage to majesty, that when queen Anne, one day at the levee, asked him, when he expected his lady would be brought to bed, instantly replied, with a profound bow—*Whenever your majesty shall think proper.*

A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; "Take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

In the time of the wars between the duke of Marlborough's army and the French, in the reign of queen Anne, it was a constant practice with the

the French court, to cause illuminations and bonfires to be made in Paris, after every battle, whether their army got the victory or not, in order to keep up the spirits of the people. And once, when the English had totally defeated the French, and great illuminations were made as usual, a marshal of France merrily said, "By my honour, the people of our nation are like flint stones, the more you beat them, the more fire they make."

Lord Chesterfield asked a lady of seventy, at what age a woman's amorous passions subsided. "Indeed, my lord, (said she) you must ask a woman older than myself, for I am unable to inform you."

When Mynheer Bentick, grandfather to the present duke of Portland, went to Wales to be present at a meeting of the gentlemen of that country, he attempted to make a speech in broken English, and addressed them in the following manner: gentlemen, "I be com heer for all your goods." "Ay, ay, replied Sir Watkin Wynne, and our chattels too."

An Irish fortune-hunter at Bath, telling Mr. Foote, that he had got an excellent phaeton on the new plan; I am rather of opinion, replied the other, that you have got it on the old plan, for I suppose you never intend to pay for it.

Dr. Johnson being once in conversation with a gentleman of Glasgow, the latter mentioned many fine prospects that were to be seen at and near Edinburgh. When he had done, Johnson said, "I believe, Sir, you have forgot to mention the best prospect of the whole."—"What is that?"—"The road from Edinburgh to London."

At a coffee-house not a mile from Temple-bar,

H

a coun-

a countryman of Mr. Burke the great Irish patriot, speaking of that gentleman as a great orator, said, " Upon my conscience he speaks with the tongue of an *angel*; for when I heard him, I thought the *devil* was in the man."

Many of our readers must have heard of Mr. Blast, who lives in Piccadilly.—A porter going to his house one day, with a load upon his back, said to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket,— " Pray, your honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blast lives?" Mr. Blast? Blast—did you say?" replied the gentleman. " Yes, *Blast*, your honour," said the porter: this odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, so irritated the gentleman, that he not only refused to give the porter information, but, in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.

Aristophanes being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress: " Good God, (said he) that old fellow is always robbing the public "

A fellow, who had pick'd up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with " *Quelle heure est il, Monsieur?*" (in French, " what is it o'clock, Sir?") to which the gentleman answered *Nescio* (in Latin, I don't know) damn it, said the fellow, " I did not think it was quite so late;" and ran off, as though he had something of great consequence to do.

Mr. Foote and Dr. Johnson having a conversation about national learning, Foote observed, however deficient the Scotch were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the most learned nations in Europe. " Oh! Sir, says Johnson,

Johnson, you are very much mistaken upon that point: I grant you they have a *mouthful* of learning, but not one of them a *bellyful*."

As a country 'Squire was shaving in town, he says to the barber, They do zay here as haw that I has a soft place in my head; what dost thou think of it? Canst tell me where it is? The barber replied, Sir, as for the matter of that, I believe you are not belied, for your head is soft all over.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pshaw, its worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil*." "Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further* than any other man."

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its *age*, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not *very curious*," says his Lordship; "perfectly so indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen any thing *so little of its age* in my life before."

Exemplary Anecdote of the present Emperor of Germany.

The affability of the present emperor of Germany procures for him daily opportunities of shewing his justice and beneficence. That prince went lately, without attendants, to see a poor of-

ficer, the father of a numerous family. He found him at table with ten of his children, and an orphan, whom he had encumbered himself with notwithstanding his indigence. The Emperor, in some emotion at this sight, said to the officer, I well knew that you had ten children, but to whom does this eleventh belong? It is, answered the officer, a poor unfortunate child whom I found exposed at the door of my house. The Emperor, greatly affected, and so much as to drop a tear at the sight, said to him, "I must make all these children my pensioners, and I would have you continue to give them examples of virtue and honour. I will pay for each two hundred florins *per annum*. See that my treasurer pays you to-morrow the first quarter of these pensions. I will take care of your eldest, the lieutenant."

Foote riding in Hyde Park, was met by his royal highness the duke of C——d, who thus accosted him; well, Foote, have you any thing new to-day; yes, and please your highness, clapping his hand on his knee, *a pair of new buckskin breeches.*

Soon after Mr. V——t was chosen sheriff of the city of London, Mr. Foote met him in the Strand, and observing his chain about his neck—"I could have saved you, said he, the expence of that chain, Mr. Sheriff, if you had consulted me.—Garrick would have lent you his *jack chain*, for he has not the least occasion for it."

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Mr. Foote, took notice of a bust of Mr. Garrick's placed upon his bureau. "Do you know my reason, says Foote, for making Roscius stand centry there?" really I do not, replied his friend. "I placed him there, resumed the wit, to take

care of my money, for by G—— I can't take care of it myself."

A gentleman, who very frequently went out to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never seen to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time—whereupon a friend of his very archly observed, that though he had a *bad habit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding habit*.

James II. when he was duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for writing against his father Charles I." Our immortal bard made the following reply. "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befalls us here, are indications of the wrath of heaven; in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father! The displeasure of heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me*, for I have only lost my eyes; but he lost his head."

It is related of Lord Chief Justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, that being once upon the bench at the Old Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Curiosity induced him to enquire the fortune of the contemporaries with whom he was once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of *Tom* such-a-one, and *Will* such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, and a low bow, "Ah!

my lord," said he, " they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

I happened once, since these great hoops were in fashion, to be at a christening, when a lady who had more vivacity than discretion, began to rally a little gentleman in company about the marriage of his friend, who, it seems, was also a very little man. "'Tis surprizing to me," says the lady, " that Miss *** who we all know to be a girl of good sense, should ever think of such a diminutive animal? why, I cou'd hide fifty of them under my petticoat."—"Madam," quoth the gentleman, " I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now."

A pious country gentleman, going through Fleet-street, and seeing several men kissing the whores, said, " He was glad to find so much *Christian charity* in London, for he had heard it was a *wicked place*."

A countryman of a merry disposition, being inclined to joke with one of his neighbours; "Hodge," says he, " how many cuckolds do you think there are in town, *excepting yourself?*" "Excepting myself! what do you mean by that," quoth Hodge? "Nay, don't be angry," says the other, " how many are there then *including yourself?*"

A country gentleman, having married a buxom widow, a few weeks after marriage, found it necessary to withdraw from the business of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena to be sent him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which, shewing her, he took leave with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after
his

his return home, the said gentleman and his lady were looking out at a window at their cows grazing in a field adjoining; "My dear," said he, "what is become of the bull which used to be so brisk amongst the cows here?" "Oh! child," says she, "he's *subpœned*, I suppose, *to the other end of the field.*"

A man was sued for the value of a horse, which he hired of his neighbour, and by his carelessness had suffered to stray into a forest, and was devoured by wolves. After evidence was heard in favour of the plaintiff, the defendant was asked whether he did not allow that the horse was a very good one. "I believe he was," replied he, "*for the wolves did not leave a bit of him.*"

A man, complaining to his friend, that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruin'd him, concluded, as the vulgar usually do; "and, for goodness sake, what's to be said *for* it?" "Nothing that I know," says his friend, "can be said *for* it, but much *against* it."

Sir T. P. brought a bill into parliament, which wanted some amendment, and not being attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, that he thirsted to mend his bill. Upon which, a worthy member rose up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, as that gentleman thirsts so much, he may be allowed to mend his draught."

A Welchman and an Englishman vapouring one day about the fruitfulness of their country, the Englishman said, there was a close near the town where he was born, which was so very fertile, "that if a kiboo was put in over night, it would be so covered with grass, as to be very difficult to find the next day." "Splut," says the Welchman, "that's nothing, there is a close
where

where hur was porn, where you may put your horse in over night, and not be able to find him next morning."

A dog coming open-mouth'd at a serjeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat, and killed him. The owner coming out, rav'd extremely, that his dog was killed, and ask'd the serjeant, " why he could not as well have struck him with the blunt end of his halbert ? " " So I would," said he, " if he had run at me with his tail."

One asking another, which way a man might use tobacco, and have any benefit from it? " By setting up a shop to sell it," said he, " for certainly there is no advantage to be had from it any other way."

It is certainly the most transcendant pleasure to be agreeably surprized with the confession of love from an adored mistress. A young gentleman, having had great misfortunes, came to his mistress, and told her, he was reduced, even to the want of five guineas; to which she replied, I'm glad of it with all my heart! Are you so, madam, says he? suspecting her constancy: pray, for what reason? because, said she, *I can furnish you with five thousand.*

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country, where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the workmen, a certain nobleman passing by, said, " Well, doctor, for all your pains and charity, I don't take this to be the high way to heaven." " Very true," replied the doctor, " for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your lordship here!"

An author, reading his tragedy to a friend of his
who

who was a proctor, when he had gone through three acts, asked him his opinion? Why really, says the proctor, this third act is so full of distress, that I don't see how you can possibly heighten it in the following ones; and then, consequently your play must grow flat. Oh! says the author, let me alone for that, for I intend in the very next act, to put my hero into the spiritual court.

A clergyman, who was inclined to write notes on Shakespear's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to a certain actor, and desired his opinion. Sir, says the player, I wonder people won't mind their own affairs: *You may spoil your own bible, if you please; but pray let ours alone.*

A gentleman, riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he, to shew his politeness, replied, "I never will be guilty of so much ill manners; pray, Sir, do you cross over first."

An Italian was accused for marrying five wives, when being carried before the judge, he was asked why he had married so many? He answered, *in order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

A gentleman living in Jamaica, a few years ago, had a wife not the best humoured in the world, to whom he made an indulgent husband, and oblig'd her as far as in his power lay. One day she asked him to buy her a pad; he did so, and a very fine one it was, which soon after gave her a fall and broke her neck. Another gentleman in the neighbourhood, blest'd with a termagent scold, asked the widower, If he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it; "No," said the other, "I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure I sha'nt marry again."

A gen-

A gentleman falling to decay, and obliged to shift about where he could, among the rest, visited an old acquaintance, and staid with him seven days, in which time the man began to grow weary of his guest; and to get rid of him, pretended to fall out with his wife, by which means their fare was very slender; the gentleman, aware of the design, but, not knowing where to go to mend his quarters, told them, "He had been there seven days, and had not seen any difference between 'em before; and that he was resolved to stay seven weeks longer, but he would see them friends again."

A poetaster, whose head was very full of a play of his own making, explaining the plot and design of it to a courtier, said, the scene lay in Capadocia, and a man must transport himself into that country, and get acquainted with the people to judge rightly of the performance. *You say right, answer'd the courtier, and I think it would be your best way to have it acted there.*

A poor fellow, going to execution, had a reprieve come just as he got to the gallows, and was taken back by the sheriff's officer; who told him he was a happy fellow, and asked if he knew nothing of the reprieve before? No, replied the fellow, *I thought no more of it, than I did of my dying day.*

A gentleman, having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the king of fools. I wish master, said the fellow, you could make your words good, I should then be the greatest monarch in the world.

A country 'Squire asked a Merry-andrew, why he played the fool? For the same reason, says he

He, as you do; out of *want*. You do it for *want of wit*; I for *want of money*.

A gentleman being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cried out, where is my blockhead? Upon your shoulders, Sir, said the lady.

A lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, I have hid him. This frank confession drew her before the king; who told her, nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from torture. And will that do, Sir? says the lady. Yes, replied the king. Then, says she, I have hid him in my heart, there you will find him. Which answer charmed her enemies, and turned aside the king's resentment.

When the first Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the most considerable man among the quakers, went to court to pay his respects to Charles the Second; that merry monarch, observing the quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat. No, says the king, friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be covered here.

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well: upon which he asked, if he had followed his prescription? *Followed* your prescription, cried Nash, No.—Egad if I had, I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window.

A country

A country fellow appearing very unconcerned at a very moving sermon; he who sat next to him, wondered he could hear such a discourse with so much indifference. The sermon, said the fellow, is nothing to me; for I don't belong to this parish.

The chaplain's boy of a man of war, being sent out of his own ship on an errand, to another; the two boys were conferring notes about their manner of living. How often, says one, do you go to prayers now? Why, answered the other, in case of a storm, or the apprehension of any danger. Ay, says the first, there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers, when there's no more occasion for it, than for my running my head against the main-mast.

A judge being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, directed the jury to value it at ten pence. Upon which the prosecutor cries out, "The fashion of it cost five pounds." "O! says the judge, we must not hang a man for fashion sake."

Tom B——t, happening to be at my Lord Mayor's show, in the latter end of queen Ann's reign, after two or three healths, the ministry was toasted: but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him. At last the chief magistrate, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen where sticks the Ministry?"—"At nothing," says Tom, and so drank off his glass.

POETRY,

P O E T R Y,

INCLUDING

Songs, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.

A New S O N G.

I.

I A M a young brush-maker, launch'd into
life,
And want to possess a choice thing call'd a wife ;
Yet my efforts the women regard not a rush,
When I ask them the question they all bid me
brush.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

I courted Clarinda, whose father makes candles,
Commending her hand while *long-fixes* she handles;
Some freedoms I took, which provoking a blush,
She alarm'd the old man, and he forc'd me to *brush.*

Derry down, &c.

III.

On Priscilla the fair, I next made an attack ;
When, boasting of nose, and the strength of my
back,

I

With

With hopes of success I began to be flush,
But she at the crisis, refus'd me a brush.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

In this sad dilemma, what course could I steer,
The sex are so cruel, so coy, so severe;
I apply'd to young Kitty, who bade me be hush,
And said, to oblige me, she'd grant me a brush.

Derry down, &c.

V.

I often repeat these sweet visits to Kate,
Who rejoices to see me both early and late;
The priest shall say grace, and we'll brush it about,
At morn, noon, and night, till the brush is worn out.

Derry down, &c.

The SCOLD.

SOME women take delight in dress;
And some in cards take pleasure;
Whilst others place their happiness
In heaping hoards of treasure;
In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding;
But all mistake the sovereign bliss;
There's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence;
Before my neighbours they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence:
When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continued riot;
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet,

Too

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,

I ever am complaining ;

Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,

Each guest at table paining ;

Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,

Though of my own providing,

I still find fault with every dish,

Still every servant chiding.

But when to bed I go at night,

I surely fall a weeping ;

For then I lose my great delight,

How can I scold when sleeping ?

But this my pain doth mitigate,

And soon disperses sorrow,

Although to-night it be too late,

I'll pay it off to-morrow.

A N E C D O T E.

As Quin and Foote one day went out,

To view the country round,

In merry mood they chatting stood,

Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his pouch a shilling took,

And said, I'll lay a penny,

In this same place, before your face,

I'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground, within the pound,

The shilling soon was thrown :

You see, says Foote, the thing's made out,

For there is *one pound one*.

I wonder not, says Quin, that thought

Should in your head be form'd ;

For 'tis the way your debts you pay—

One shilling in the pound:

The Cottage Garden. A Vision.

RECLIN'D beneath my rustic grot,
 The cares of life awhile forgot,
 The woodbine flaunting o'er my head,
 The trees a gloomy verdure spread.
 Wrapt in a deep, poetic trance,
 I saw amidst the glade advance
 (By ancient Bards so often seen)
 The graces three with beauty's queen.
 Not in their antique Grecian dress;
 (The genuine charms of nakedness)
 But such as now-a-days one sees,
 In gauze and lace and negligees.

Whilst, fix'd in rapture and surprise,
 To hail them I forbore to rise:——
 I saw, methought, a mortal follow,
 (Long deem'd by me my great Apollo)
 Who seem'd these virgins to attend;
 Manlius, my neighbour and my friend,
 His penetration soon could trace
 Th' embarrassment that mark'd my face;
 And thus, to save me from derision,
 Kindly explain'd the heavenly vision.

Manlius had prais'd my cottage-garden,
 Fit place to entertain a bard in!
 Where not a flow'r or shrub is seen,
 Save roses red and laurels green.
 But folks of taste can beauty spy
 Invisible to vulgar eye.
 Manlius then prais'd the laurel's gloss,
 The mould'ring walls o'er-grown with moss,
 The ivy creeping o'er my grotto,
 My urns, with many a simple motto:
 But chief this little tinkling stream
 Was still my friend's perpetual theme,

'Till

'Till he that stream had worthless made,
By foiling nature at her trade,
In his more elegant cascade.

Hither then, big with expectation,
Manlius's kind exaggeration
In earthly vehicles had brought
(And pop'd upon me quick as thought)
These nymphs—my paradise to see,
And thus dispell'd my reverie.

“ Why sure your mind with frenzy labours !
“ What ! don't you recollect your neighbours ?
“ This is my Harriet ; this my daughter ;
“ And she, that stifles thus her laughter,
“ This lads so sprightly, gay and frisky,
“ The same that drove you in her wiskey.
“ Dream not of nymphs or powers celestial ;
“ We're all plain folks of mould terrestrial.
“ In her own work my wife has deck'd her ;
“ Not one of us e'er tasted nectar :
“ But come your place and *you* to see,
“ And drink a dish of mortal tea.”

But how must I this stranger greet,
With looks so languishingly sweet,
That, without aid from Cupid's darts,
With gentlest *smiles* can win our hearts ?

“ This, Sir, 's a lady worth your knowing ;
“ Of rank and birth, the fair Miss Sc—w—n.
“ A maid of sentiment and taste,
“ With every female virtue grac'd.”

Perish all titles and alliance !
To rank or birth I bid defiance.
Taste, sense and beauty are my game ;
All meaner interests I disclaim.
Beauty in every shape I woo ;
Thro' all her various works pursue :

Whether she gild the orient day,
Or paint the blooming flow'rs of May—
Or with superior lustre shine,
And grace the human face divine.

If bust or medal e'er I bought,
Beauty was still the object sought.
For this, in youth I chose a wife,
And sacrific'd the pomp of life;
Stopt short in learning's bright career;
Nor ever thought the purchase dear.

Tho' frantic deem'd, as the fam'd knight
Of rueful face (that amorous wight,
Who sigh'd for nymphs that still would flout him,
Or never car'd a straw about him)
Long as I breath this vital air,
I'll pay due homage to the fair.

Would you then sometimes condescend
To bless the mansion of your friend,
And such bright forms my purlieus haunt,
My cottage-garden still I'd vaunt;
Nor envy Richmond's royal bowers,
Where George enjoys his happiest hours;
Where princesses adorn the groves,
And Charlotte's self delighted roves.

The Insolence of Office?

HAVE you not seen a dog called Pug,
Perch'd on a cushion or a rug?
Or mounted in an easy chair,
With nose erect and saucy air?
Go when you will this little snarler
Reigns the curst tyrant of the parlour.
No overtures of peace can please him;
Your forc'd civilities but tease him.

Present

Present your hand he bites your knuckles;
 Put forth your foot, he snaps your buckles;
 His yelping, wounds your tortur'd ears;
 His snarling tricks alarms your fears.
 Whether the lady's friend or lover,
 You long to have the coffee over:
 And with this testy cur offended,
 Rejoice to have your visit ended.

So have I seen a little man,
 In stature not above a span;
 In shape much like a china jug:
 Whom from his face so smooth and snug,
 You might expect to find more civil;
 Yet try him—he's a very devil.

The fellow understands accounts;
 By which he into office mounts;
 And, trusted with some small affairs,
 Gives himself these gigantic airs;
 Perch'd in his desk, with wig so neat,
 Nor Hoare nor Child are half so great.

Behold him swell and snap and snort,
 And with rude answers cut folks short;
 With insolence affront his betters,
 Tho' men of rank, of birth, or letters;
 Thus arrogant without once blushing,
 Like pug upon his velvet cushion.

But do your business as you can;
 Laugh at the proud, important man;
 Let him count o'er his borrowed pelf;
 And leave the puppy to himself.

Septennial Importance; or the Freeholder.

HEYDAY! friend Snap, with what an air
 Thou tollest me thy wooden chair!
 Why put'st thou this important face on;
 Thou'lt flirt the lather o'er thy bason.

How

How slipantly thy razor goes !
 Hold, hold, you dog; you'll cut my nose;
 Prithee, my friend don't shave so fast—
 " Sir, you'll excuse me; I'm in haste,
 " I must not make his honour wait;
 " The member's coach is at his gate;
 " And he depends upon my vote—
 " I must be gone and change my coat,
 " The poll comes on soon after nine;
 " And then at three the voters dine.
 " I'd rather eat a bit at home;
 " But Mr. May'r *desir'd* I'd come."
 Well; now, I hope the bustle's ended,
 We little folks may be attended.
 Thou'lt now recover thy humility;
 And treat us with thy old civility.
 Again vouchsafe to tell me news;
 Nay, brush my coat, or wipe my shoes.
 Now all thy consequence is gone;
 No longer M'ister, but plain John.
 Dwindled again to honest Snap,
 Thou'lt set thy razor, ply thy strap;
 And since election treats are o'er,
 Shave calmly on for seven years more.

The Man of Reading.

LORENZO is, tho' much a beau,
 The greatest reader that I know;
 Reads each new pamphlet, each new play;
 And knows of each what people say:
 Then fixes, with a critic spirit,
 (At second-hand) each writer's merit:
 The first to know, still more exact,
 The name and author of each tract;
 Despises those that have not bought
 The last new thing that Churchill wrote;

Points

Points out each bright, each fav'rite line;
And vows the whole is vastly fine!

But yet, with all this various reading,
Lorenzo is a man of breeding.
Tho' he has been two years at college,
He ne'er insults you with deep knowledge:
No scraps of Latin quotes, nor borrows
A thought from Virgil or from Horace;
No learned points he e'er unravels,
Nor mentions history or travels:
Gives no account of ancient times,
Or what is done in foreign climes.
In short, his reading, you will find,
Floats on the surface of his mind.
Lorenzo reads, as others play:
He reads—for something still to say.
He reads a thing—because 'tis new:
He reads—because his neighbours do.
So then I find thou art, my friend,
An *endless* reader to no end.
If these, said I, are all your views,
Throw by your books, and read the news.

From Owen's Epigrams:

THE doctor lives by sporting with our lives;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives.

Meagre Neatness.

THUS to the master of an house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
I said; "Well, Sir, 'tis vastly fine;
"But where d'you drink, and where d'you dine?
"If one may judge by rooms so neat,
"It costs you more in *mops* than *meat*!"

From

From the Greek of Nicarchus.

GELUS nor gave me purge nor clyster,
Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister:
But being ill, I chanc'd to hear
The doctor's name—and dy'd for fear.

Extempore on D. GARRICK, Esq;

WELL hast thou play'd thy part, illustrious
man,
On every stage, since first thy life began;
In every trying scene full well behaved,—
God bless your soul, my great, my little David.

On a FOOT SOLDIER.

ON a long march at length he lost his breath,
And took up quarters with his landlord Death;
With whom in peace and rest he'll surely stay,
'Till trumpets sound the great reviewing-day.

On a PETTYFOGGING LAWYER.

Beneath this dunghill rotting lies
A knave, who liv'd by fools:—
If to Heav'n's court he ever rise,
He'll break his prison rules.

Epitaph on the Death of Commodore FORREST.

IS Forrest dead?—Death, thou has fell'd an oak,
By a most cruel and untimely stroke:
But ere thou kill'st another brave as he,
Old Time shall make a heavy blow at thee.

The

The CONTENTED CUCKOLD.

POOR George, when he heard that his wife
 was in labour,
 Invited each useful respectable neighbour :
 Her groans were so loud that they melted his
 heart,
 And he rail'd at himself, as the cause of her smart;
 " Wipe your eyes, George, said she, and from
 weeping refrain,
 " I cannot blame *you* as the cause of my pain."

The FLY and the CANDLE.

RETIRE, thou vain, thou giddy thing,
 Retire : and yet be wise—
 The flame has caught his silken wing ;
 He flutters, falls, and dies.
 I, also, like this hapless fly,
 Grown giddy as I gaze,
 Ev'n now, alas! approach too nigh,
 And perish in the blaze.

A C R O S T I C.

M uch gaudy show, but little solid sense,
 A pocket totally devoid of pence :
 C urious in trifles—dead to all that's good,
 A bunch of patches, hung on flesh and blood ;
 R esolv'd to set the fashion of the day,
 O r his the loudest at the last new play.
 N o one one like him can dance, or prate, or sing :
 I n sense an ape—in fancy he's a king.

The Young L A D Y's Choice.

Let the bold youth, who aims to win me, know,
 I hate a fool, a clown, a sot, or beau :

I loath

I loath a sloven, I despise a cit,
 I scorn a coxcomb, and I fear a wit.
 Let him be gentle, brave, good-humour'd, gay,
 Let him, in smaller things, with pride obey;
 Yet wise enough in great ones to command;—
 Produce me but the youth, and here's my hand.

The HOSIER.

One day a dainty-footed dame
 For stockings to a hosier came:
 "Sir, they must be of finest filk,
 "As thin as gauze, as white as milk."
 "Madam, I'll look you out a pair,
 "Shall suit your ladyship to a hair—
 "These, madam, these,—I'll answer for't"
 "These! no Sir, these are much too short,
 "And never were design'd for me,
 "Because I tie—above the knee."
 "Above the knee!—G—d bless the king—
 "Aye, please your ladyship—*there's the thing.*"

Epitaph on an Honest Sailor.

Whether sailor, or not, for a moment avast!
 Poor Tom's *mizen top-sail* is laid to the mast:
 He'll never *turn out*, nor again *heave the lead*;
 He's now *all a-back*, nor will sails *shoot a-head*:
 He always was brisk, and though now gone to
wreck,
 When he hears the *last whistle*, he'll jump upon
deck.

To the Memory of Mr. Alderman Beckford.

His fall made England's constitution reel;
 We lost the pillar of the public-weal.

A modern DICTIONARY.

- Angel—any devil of a woman.
 Beauty—patches, paint, and pomatum.
 Court—a large mob at St. James's.
 Divine service—the meeting of a number of people to laugh and talk.
 Estate—the prey of gamesters and sharpers.
 Fidler—a gentleman much respected in high life.
 Fun—adultery, rape, murder.
 Government—the minister and his tools.
 Honour—paying a gaming debt.
 Ingenious—poor.
 King—a cypher.
 Love—a pretence to debauch and ruin.
 Marriage—a licence for lewdness.
 Nobody—every body but about a hundred folks in high life.
 Opera—music without meaning.
 Piety—the trade of priestcraft.
 Quarrel—a fashionable pretence to murder.
 Riches—a substitute for all the virtues.
 State necessity—a pretence for robbing the public.
 Salaries—the infamous perquisites of office.
 Sedition—mentioning the faults of his majesty's servants.
 Trade—smuggling.
 Ugly creature—a virtuous well-bred woman.
 Virtue—a compliance with the humour of the times.
 Vice—an opposition to the measures of the times.
 Wine—a compound of poisonous ingredients.
 Young lady—any single woman under seventy years of age.

*Inscription on an Hospital erected by the Endowments
of a Miser.*

A saint this goodly hospital to found,
Bequeath'd—*when dying*—twenty thousand pound,
And yet 'tis said this saint was much inclin'd,
On earth the faces of the poor to grind;
No doubt—that objects might be ready still
Whene'er he died—his hospital to fill.

Epitaph on the Death of a Fair Penitent.

Here lie I, once a witty fair,
Ill living, and ill lov'd;
Whose heedless beauty was my snare,
Whose wit my folly prov'd.
Reader, should any curious stay
To ask my luckless name;
Tell him, the grave that hides my clay,
That also hides my shame:—
Tell him, I mourn for guilt of sin,
More than for pleasure spent;
Tell him, whate'er my morn has been,
My noon was penitent.

Epitaph upon a PHYSICIAN.

Here lies one by whom many others have lain
here.

E P I G R A M.

*On a Gentleman whose Name is Calf, paying his Ad-
dresses to a beautiful young Lady at Hampton.*

Though great Jove, (unless Poets relate what's
untrue)
In the form of a bull did Europa subdue;

Sure

Sure you never can fancy your fate has decreed,
That a *Calf* like yourself can with Sally succeed.

Epigram on a Lady, who vowed never to marry.

Chloe abhor'd the name of wife,
Was very grave and stay'd,
Resolv'd to lead a happy life,
And live and die a maid:
Yet soon as Florio bravely try'd
With well feign'd arts to win her,
The virgin yielded, blush'd, and cry'd,
"I'll not be such a finner."

E P I T A P H.

Alas no more I could survive,
For I am dead and not alive:
And thou in time no longer shalt survive,
But be as dead as any man alive.

E P I T A P H *on a Miser.*

Reader beware immoderate love of self;
Here lies the worst of thieves—he robb'd him-
self.

On the W O R L D.

The world's a city, form'd by many a street,
And death's the market-place where all men
meet:
If life was merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would always live, the poor would die.

On the Parson of ——— Parish in ———.

Come let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
For, egad, had he liv'd he'd have bury'd us all.

The W A G E R.

Tom Trotter last Christmas most bitterly swore,
That he would be married by May or before;
However a wager we laid on't in fine,
Of two turkey-cocks and a bottle of wine.
A fortnight ago I chanc'd to see Tom,
I ask'd him if marry'd, he sigh'd with a hum:
What Tom is it so? I find then I've lost,
Aye! faintly says he, and I've won to my cost;
A terrible shrew of a wife I've to handle,
It was but last night in my face went the candle,
She's scolding for ever, no tongue can express,
She makes the room eccho, like football, no
peace;
Now and then, nay 'tis often, my head she will
comb
In a terrible manner;—thus suffers poor Tom.
She all company keeps, goes out when she will,
Unconstant and giddy as Colliner's mill.
She'll be out of the way, come and see me to-
morrow;
I wish I had lost; but I've won to my sorrow.

SONG.

S O N G.

The APPROACH of MAY.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows;
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds who dwell on the plain,
 Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
 Fond zephyr caresses the vine,
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine.
 The pinks by the rivulet side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the lark and the linnet now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove;
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the day.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove ;
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
 'That May is the mother of love.

S O N G.

The ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Written by G. A. STEVENS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
 feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing :
 Merry Momus, among them, was sat as a guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,

So none could his jokes disapprove :
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,

"Grows grievously tir'd of late ;

"He says that mankind are much worse than be-
 fore,

"So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was
 hurl'd,

From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the
 world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,

To see what each climate was worth ;

Like

Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere
bound,

And the variously planted the earth :
With silver, gold, jewels, the India endow'd ;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to
rear ;

What suited each clime, on each clime she be-
stow'd,

And Freedom, she found, flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root ;

The blossoms of liberty 'gan then to smile,

And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n !

" We will, while we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp

" it in death,

" Then return it untainted to heav'n."

S O N G.

The CRYING and LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN I awake with painful brow,

Ere the cock begins to crow ;

Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,

Aching heart and aching head ;

Pond'ring over human ills,

Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills ;

Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo :

When these sorrows strike my view,

I cry——

And, to stop the gushing tear,

Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But

But when sportive ev'ning comes,
Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums;
Casinos here, festinos there,
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where;
Seated by a sprightly lass,
Smiling with the smiling glass:
When these pleasures are my lot,
Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh——

Careless, then, what may befall,
Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse,
O'er my tea, the morning news;
Dismal tales of plundered houses,
Wanton wives, and cuckold 'spouses;
When I read of money lent,
At sixteen and a half per cent.

I cry——

But if, ere the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring enters honest John;
" Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
" Waiting in a chaise and four :"
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs,
And laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,
Who now, smiling, grace my song,
Never more cry, Oh! oh! oh!
But join with me in, Hah! ha! ha!

SONG.

S O N G.

The State of a L O V E R.

HOW happy a lover's life passes,
 When beauty returns sigh for sigh !
 He looks upon all men as asses,
 Who have not some girl in their eye.
 With heart full as light as a feather,
 He trips to the terras or parks ;
 Where swains croud impatient together,
 And maidens look out for their sparks.
 What sweet palpitation arises,
 When Chloe appears full in view !
 Her smiles at more value he prizes,
 Than misers the mines of Peru.
 Tho' swift-winged time, as they're walking,
 Soon parts them, alas ! by his flight ;
 By reflection he still hears her talking,
 And absent he keeps her in sight.
 Whenever abroad he regales him,
 And Bacchus calls out for his lass ;
 His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,
 Her name gives a zest to his glass.
 No other amusements he prizes,
 Than those that from Chloe arise ;
 She's first in his thoughts when he rises,
 And last when he closes his eyes.
 Then let not ambition distress us,
 Or fortune's fantastical chace ;
 Love only with Chloe can bless us,
 And give all we want to embrace.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Written by G. A. STEVENS.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be ;
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd ?

See ! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try ;
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of slit-hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are
 well fill'd,
 View that heap of Champagne in the rear ;
 Those bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review ;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone ;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that my drinking is done.

S O N G.

O Give me that social delight
 Which none but true lovers receive,
 When Luna bedecks the still night,
 And glances her smiles on the eve :
 When to the fair meadows we go,
 Where peace and contentment retire ;
 Or down the smooth current we row,
 In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn :
 How sweet is each landscape dispos'd !
 The prospect extends to the lawn,
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
 Come, Strephon, attend to the scene :
 The clouds are all vanish'd above ;
 The objects around are serene,
 As modell'd to music and love.

S O N G.

I N love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If aught of substantial delight,
 On this side the stars can be found ;
 'Tis, sure, when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter?
 In what secret grove or cave?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave.
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns:
 Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good-sense and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot;
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer;
 Now some subtle, mean invader,
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

OH! discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mamas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake.
 Would you keep your pearl from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

S O N G.

The NOD, WINK, and SMILE.

LET fusty old grey-beards of apathy boast,
 And Venus and Bacchus revile;

In

In spite of their books they are slaves to some
toast,
The dupes of a nod, wink, or smile.

Some snug sober citizens here may repair,
Without an idea of guile;
But what with the music, and what with the fair,
They follow the nod, wink, and smile.

Let men boast of titles, of honours, renown;
The females of this happy isle
Can vanquish the victors, nay kill with a frown,
Or save, by a nod, wink, or smile.

These gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,
Who the dullest of moments beguile;
Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of love,
And commands with a nod, wink, and smile.

S O N G.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd;
I ne'er could injure you:
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

L

Then

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

S O N G.

YE gods! ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her:

But if your providence divine
 For greater blifs design her;
 To obey your will, at any time,
 I'm ready to resign her.

New and Choice CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a lawyer like a lion?
2. Why is king George like a *steeple*?
3. Why are the patriots like a *light guinea*?
4. Why is a counsellor's head like a *barber's block*?
5. Why is a weathercock like a *man of war*?
6. Why are lord Chesterfield's letters like *syllabub*?
7. Why is a woman in labour like a *glass window*?
8. Why is a dog like a *critic*?
9. Why is going to law like going to *Tyburn*?
10. Why is an inconstant woman like *quicksilver*?
11. Why

11. Why are many of our great men like *houses*?
12. Why are they like *Mountebanks*?

Solutions to the CONUNDRUMS:

1. Because he goes about seeking whom he may devour.
2. Because he is the head of the church.
3. Because they want *weight*.
4. Because it wears wigs of *different sizes*.
5. Because it moves when the wind blows.
6. Because they are *frothy*.
7. Because she is full of *pains*.
8. Because he snarls.
9. Because it brings on repentance.
10. Because there is no *fixing* her.
11. Because their *upper stories* are worst furnished.
12. Because they *play the fool*.

A second String of CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 WHY is a pack of cards like Newgate?
Because it has knaves in it.
- 2 Why is swearing like an old coat?
Because it is a bad habit.
- 3 Why is a fortunate man like a straw in the water?
Because he goes on swimmingly.
- 4 Why is a cunning man like a shoe-maker?
Because he'll pump you.
- 5 Why is a married woman like a bear in the street?
Because she's ring'd
- 6 Why is a sedan like the world?
Because it is between two poles.

7 Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man ?

Because he is for-getting.

8 Why is a sword-belt like a cow upon a common ?

Because it goes round the waste.

9 Why are lamps like the Thames ?

Because they have lighters.

10 Why is a pen like a beau ?

Because it's feather-head.

11 Why is the play-house like a punch-bowl ?

Because its best when full.

12 Why is an apron like peas ?

Because its gathered.

13 Why is a fish-hook like a bull ?

Because it is sometimes baited.

14 Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor ?

Because it goes to pot.

15 Why is an eye-lid like a wadding to a gun ?

Because it covers the ball.

16 Why is an alehouse the best comfort to a disappointed man ?

Because there he'll be sure to carry his point.

17 Why is an honest friend like orange-chips ?

Because he's candid.

18 Why is a little man like a good book ?

Because he is often looked over.

19 Why is a smith a dangerous companion ?

Because he deals in forgery.

20 Why are coals like a poor labouring man ?

Because they feed the grate.

21 Why is a pick-pocket like a bridegroom ?

Because he's generally transported.

22 Why is a peruke-maker like a bird-catcher ?

Because he has variety of cauls.

23 Why is a candle like a tobacco-nist ?

Because it makes snuff.

24 Why

- 24 Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?
Because it has a Cork in it.
- 25 Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
Because it is out of the head.
- 26 Why is a furly dog like a sharper?
Because he bites.
- 27 Why is a man's toes like an ironmonger's
shop?
Because they have nails on them.
- 28 Why is a book like a fruit-tree in spring?
Because it is full of leaves.
- 29 Why is a red hair'd lady like a band of
foldiers?
Because she bears fire-locks.
- 30 Why is a man on horseback like a fan?
Because he is mounted.
- 31 Why is a barrel of beer almost drawn out, like
a country waggon?
Because it is tilted.
- 32 Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?
Because she dresses well.
- 33 Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock?
Because it never stands still.
- 34 Why is a watchmaker like a gardener?
Because he sets time.
- 35 Why is Wales like a neck of mutton?
Because 'tis craggy.
- 36 Why are weather-cocks like the sea?
Because they wave.
- 37 Why are Rubyface's jests like being tickled?
Because they make us laugh.
- 38 Why is a dancing master like a cook?
Because he cuts capers.
- 39 Why is the pope like a pepper box?
Because he is holy.

- 40 Why is a smart girl like a nobleman ?
Because she is laced.
41 Why is a complaisant man like a tree ?
Because he is full of bows.
42 Why are shoes like men of knowledge ?
Because they are great understanders.
43 When is a woman in haste to curl her hair ?
When she wants to go out straight.

R I D D L E S.

- 1 I More than women's fancies change,
Yet never leave my post or range.
2 I daily breathe, yet have no life,
And kindle feuds yet cause no strife.
3 By my assistance merchant's speak,
Tho' many seas asunder;
And yet I'm dumb, and soft and weak,
And is not that a wonder ?
4 What force and strength could not get through,
I with a gentle touch can do ;
And many in the street would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.
5 Ever eating, never cloying ;
All devouring, all destroying ;
Never finding full repast,
'Till I eat the world at last.
6 I cannot either eat or drink ;
I often speak, yet never think :
I teach men lessons how to die,
And very seldom tell a lie.
7 Not all that can be sung or said,
Will aught avail without my aid,

- 8 My voice is heard a mile or two,
I talk so very loud;
I speak when lovers cease to woo,
And when they wear a shroud.
- 9 Four people sat down one evening to play;
They play'd all that evening, and parted next
day.
Cou'd you believe, when I tell you, as thus they
all sat,
No fifth person play'd with them, nor did any
one bet;
Yet when they rose up, they each gain'd a
guinea,
Tho' neither did lose to the amount of a penny.
- 10 At two days old good Latin I speak,
'Tho' for it I ne'er went to school;
Arms I have four, which come out of my
back,
And in yellow am dress'd like a fool.
All men me seek, tho' few can me get;
When caught, I'm confin'd like a fish in
a net.

R E B U S S E S.

1. My waistcoat, coat, and breeches too,
Expose my charmer's name to view;
And every porter's brawny thigh,
Can tell her name as well as I.

2. What's done when we buy, and done when
we play,
Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

3. What

3. What expresses four points when rightly
connected,
Will exhibit a thing that in war is expected.

4. What's warm to the earth, and in winter
oft seen,
What we say of a thing that is perfectly clean,
Will quickly discover the damsel I mean. }

5. Take the contra to low,
And the one half of gave ;
But that will not show,
The place you must have :
Then, in the next place,
Take the one half of tell,
No doubt but the place
You know very well.

6. Take a fifth of the north and a fourth of
the east,
And add to these two, a fourth part of the west ;
Then join a large number by weight, which will
tell,
A wonderful man, who in England did dwell.

7. Take four sevenths of mansion, and if rightly
I thought,
The place where a hare does often resort ;
These put together, if rightly I guess,
A large trading town will to you express.

8. A plant, tho' its mild, yet 'tis fragrantly
sweet ;
A sudden expression, when sorrow we meet ;
A primitive metal, some Jupiter call ;
A state that was forfeited by our first fall ;
Their initial letters cement, 'twill declare,
The name of a place much approv'd by the fair.

9. From

9. From what no mortal man is free ;
 What, whilst we name it, slides away ;
 What for industry's justly fam'd ;
 By what at first all things were nam'd,
 What ne'er to reason will give heed ;
 What was on Aaron's breast displayed ;
 What oft times does deceitful prove ;
 And 'till what time we promise love ;
 Join their initials, 'twill explore
 A borough fam'd in days of yore.

10. Take the half of a passion most fervent in
 youth,
 And a two-angled letter set down ;
 Then a title in Spain—and 'twill shew you with
 truth,
 The name of an opulent town.

S O L U T I O N S.

To the Riddles.

- 1 A weathercock.
- 2 A pair of bellows.
- 3 A pen.
- 4 A key.
- 5 Fire.
- 6 A clock.
- 7 Hearing.
- 8 A bell.
- 9 Four musicians.
- 10 A guinea.

To the Rebuses.

- 1 Miss Button.
- 2 Miss Selwin.
- 3 News.
- 4 Miss Snow.
- 5 Highgate.
- 6 Newton.
- 7 Mansfield.
- 8 Bath.
- 9 Stamford.
- 10 London.

Sentimental. T O A S T S.

1. Disinterested friendship and artless love.
2. The taylor's game, all-fours and my lady's
 hole,
3. That

3. That lock that opens to every key.
4. The private passage, but damn the back-door.
5. The heart that feels, and the hand that gave.
6. The rose of pleasure without the thorn.
7. Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.
8. The two that makes a third.
9. May the men leave roving, and the women deceit.
10. May all honest souls find a friend in need,
11. May our great men be good, and our good men great.
12. Health, peace, and plenty.
13. Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
14. May the miser grow poor, and the benevolent rich.
15. May our passions be slaves to us, not we to our passions.
16. May reason guide the helm, when passion blows the gale.
17. May the single be married, and the married happy.
18. Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
19. Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.
20. May he who wants friendship, also want friends.
21. The chops of the channel.

Modern T O A S T S.

The QUEEN.

All health and honour, plenty, peace
 With Charlotte's growing years encrease,
 Each genuine blessing streaming down
 On the first gem in Britain's crown.

The

The PRINCESS ROYAL.

Hail op'ning flower, whose rising charms display,

The growing beauties of thy riper day—

When some illustrious prince shall court thy charms,

And seize heav'n's bounty with expanded arms,

O trebly blest, in person, mind and face,

With all thy father's worth, and all thy mother's grace.

Lady TYRCONNEL.

In manners gentle—lovely and refin'd,

A pattern-angel sent to bless mankind!

For such a toast what liquor we require,

To praise the daughter of the bravest fire!

The word is Burgundy!—and now I claim

Bumper's to *Granby* and *Tyrconnel's* fame.

Lady CRAVEN.

There is no wonder all the men are raving,

For who can see such charms—and not be craving!

Give me Champagne, and fill it to the brim,

I'll toast in bumpers ev'ry lovely limb.

I'll challenge all the heroes of the skies

To shew a goddess with a *Craven's* eyes!

Bacchus, I dare your godship to the tun,

I've drank the moon down, and I'll drink the sun.

Miss WEST.

Ah blest with beauty and each charm to please,

With native candour, unaffected ease,

Thy

Thy heaving bosom, *West*, might raise desire,
 And e'en the Hermit's frozen bosom fire.
 Why then averse to love? Ah leave disdain!
 Discard thy fickle undeserving swain,
 And pledge thy lover in the brisk Champagne. }

Miss O'HARA:

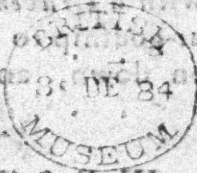
Thy wit, *O'Hara*, may command the bard,
 Which while he toasts, he'll glow with warm re-
 gard:

To Venus' charms you make no pert pretence;
 Tho' *Phoebus* quaffs a bumper to your *sense*.

Lady ALMERIA CARPENTER.

The fairest form on Britain's fertile plains,
 Blest with a character supremely bright;
 Toast the dear girl, while day triumphant reigns,
 And close the bumper with the closing night.

F I N I S.



W. E. S. T.